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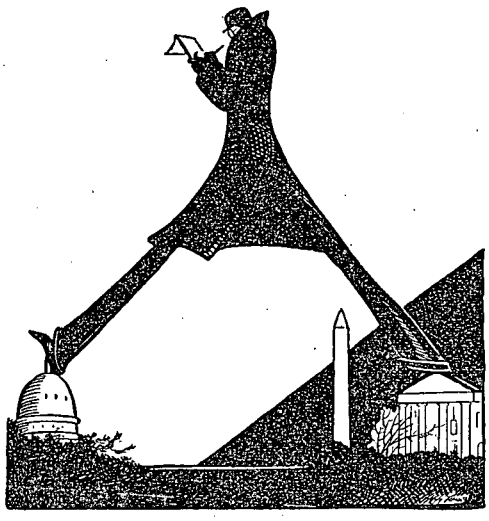

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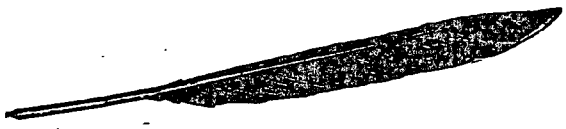

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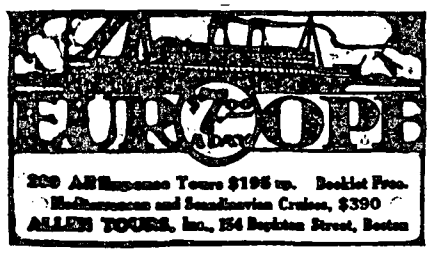

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No. I

One Award of $250

TO be awarded quarterly, for the three-month periods ending June 30, September 30, December 31, 1928 and March 31, 1929.

Open to all cartoonists in North America, amateur and professional, for published and unpublished cartoons.

Published cartoons must be marked with the name and date of newspapers, magazines or books in which they appeared (and the dates of publication must fall within the quarter for which they are submitted); also with the name and address of the cartoonist. Awards will be made to the cartoonist and not to the periodical.

Unpublished cartoons must bear the name and address of the cartoonist. Unpublished cartoons which win prizes are to become the property of The Survey.

Cartoons may be submitted for either award by cartoonists, editors, publishers, artists and their friends, or by any reader of this announcement.

No. II

Three Awards of $50 each

TO be awarded quarterly, for the three-month periods ending June 30, September 30, December 31, 1928 and March 31, 1929.

Open to cartoonists in North America, on daily papers in cities of 500,000 or less population; cartoonists for magazines, trade journals, college and other student periodicals; and to artists, art students and any others who may care to enter the competition, for published or unpublished cartoons.

Published cartoons must be marked with the name and date of newspapers, magazines or books in which they appeared (and the dates of publication must fall within the quarter for which they are submitted); also with the name and address of the cartoonist. Awards will be made to the cartoonist and not to the periodical.

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Awards will be made and announced after the close of each quarter.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, editor of Collier's Weekly, will be chairman of the jury of awards.

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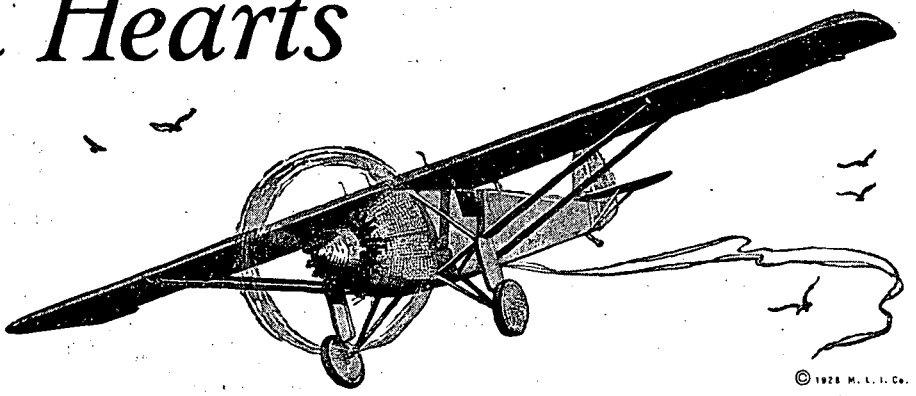
Metal Motors and Human Hearts



Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint. If the heart complained more it would probably have better care.

Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry. Many of the most useful men and women in the world can look forward to serene and happy old age despite damaged hearts because they have found out what their hearts can do and what they cannot do.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis, and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guess work. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.

Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.

The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One out of every seven who dies from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.

Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LX, No. 1 April 1, 1928

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The Gist of It

THAT a professor of philosophy may view his contemporaries with zest and wisdom is demonstrated on page 5 by H. A. OVERSTREET, head of the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York and author of Influencing Human Behavior and About Ourselves.

MARY AUSTIN, author, playwright, and a student of patterns of living as they course through the customs and the art of Nordic Americans, Spaniards, and Indians, here writes of some of the significant changes she sees in this generation of western men and women. Page 9.

FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D., is medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, editor of the quarterly Mental Hygiene, and lecturer in social psychiatry at Yale and the New York School for Social Research. Page 13.

ERNEST W. BURGESS (page 17) is associate professor of sociology at the University of Chicago and author of a number of books and articles on related subjects, including The City (with Robert E. Park and Roderick D. McKenzie).

SOMETIME education editor of The Survey, author of The Discovery of Intelligence, Social Life and Institutions, and Adult Education, JOSEPH K. HART is now professor of education at the University of Wisconsin. Page 17.

JOSEPH JASTROW, author of many books on psychological subjects and formerly professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, now resides in New York City and is devoting himself to writing and lecturing in his professional field. Page 19.

IRWIN EDMAN, associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has cast light on the subject of this issue in his books, Human Traits and Their Social Significance, and Richard Kane Looks at Life. Page 21.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN lists herself in Who's Who as Columbia University, has cast light on the subject of this Her writings on some of these subjects and her poems have been widely published in current magazines. Page 21.

NEVA R. DEARDORFF, who wishes it explained that she was induced to write on grown-ups almost overnight, has been registrar of vital statistics in Philadelphia, a member of the faculty of Bryn Mawr College, executive secretary of the Children's Commission of Pennsylvania, and an associate editor of The Survey, and now is director of research of the New York City Welfare Council and president of the American Association of Social Workers. Page 23.

ROBERT HALLOWELL (page 24), formerly a member of the staffs of The New Republic and The Survey, is an American artist, now resident in France.

DR. HERMAN M. ADLER is director of the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago and state criminologist of Illinois. Page 28.

THE recent research into marriage by DR. G. V. HAMILTON, director of the division of psycho-biological research of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, and author of An Introduction to Psychopathology, is summarized by MARY ROSS, associate editor of The Survey and somewhat bewildered pilot of this special issue. Page 30.

GEDDES SMITH, another Survey alumnus, is director of publications of the Child Health Demonstration Committee. Page 32.

E. L. THORNDIKE is professor of educational psychology at Teachers' College, Columbia University and author of numerous books in that field. The present article (page 35) comprises sections of his forthcoming book, Adult Education, reporting a detailed study sponsored by the American Association for Adult Education, and reproduced by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

SURVEY readers already know that ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE is referee of the juvenile court in Cleveland, and no one need be told that she is a keen and sympathetic observer of the antics and anxieties of humankind. Page 38.

MARY E. McDOWELL (page 40) traces the widening circles of experience in the life of one whose childhood was imbued with an enthusiasm for human beings, and whose adult life has encompassed their service in settlement house, municipal government, and international missions. She was recently the commissioner of public welfare in Chicago and is director of the University of Chicago Settlement.

CITIZENS in Transit (page 44) is drawn from NEWTON D. BAKER'S address before the Citizens' Conference on Community Welfare (Washington, February 20-21), which will be published in full by the convening body, the Association of Community Chests and Councils. As city solicitor under Tom L. Johnson, his successor as mayor of Cleveland (1912-14), and an active force there in business and social undertakings since his service as secretary of war, Mr. Baker brings a wealth of first-hand experience to bear in analyzing forces which at once weave our civic fabric and the seams we call social problems on its under side.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO is professor of municipal government at Harvard University, and author, among other volumes, of Current Problems in Citizenship, Personality in Politics, and The Governments of Europe. Page 46.

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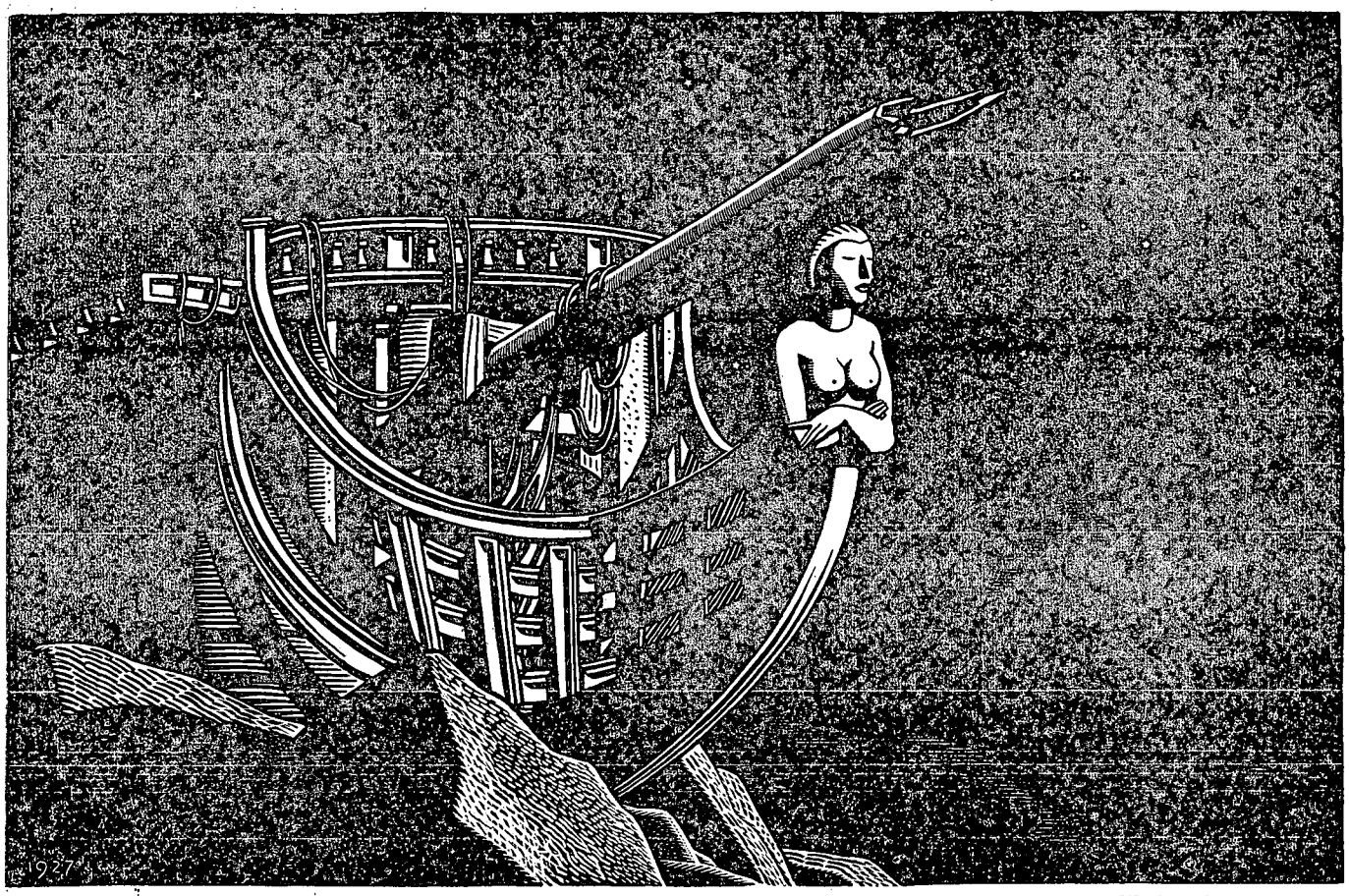

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

APRIL 1, 1928

Volume LX
No. 1

We Adults Reconsider Ourselves

By H. A. OVERSTREET

SOMETHING is happening in our world today—something, I think, rather finely and hopefully new. The various pessimistic brethren in our midst apparently have only the vaguest notion, if at all, of its essential and eventual importance. They talk dolefully about the diseased state of our civilization, harping upon our quite obvious past and present sins; and they point with a kind of head-shaking, "You just wait and see," to our rapid slide to damnation.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

Some of us are a little weary of these modern pluckers-at-our-sleeve. We want to be on to the wedding. For something, we suspect, may really come of a wedding.

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The something that is happening has come, verily, like a thief in the night. This simile may seem a little uncomplimentary; and yet it has about it a certain verisimilitude. For this that has come into our present age is, as a matter of fact, a kind of thief, stealing from us certain dearly beloved attitudes and precious family antiques. Consequently, it has left some of us not a little stripped and woebegone. But regarded from a more friendly angle, this thief that has slipped in on us is, I imagine, rather of the nature of a wise elder who is taking away childish things when childish things ought to be outgrown.

It began about fifty years ago. A certain Italian, Lombroso, published a curiously unconventional book on the psychology of crime. That was something, of course, with which respectable scientists and nice, cultured people really could have nothing to do. So shoulders were shrugged; and the nice people went back to their polite card-tables. Then, a few years later, in the little university town of Leipzig, a certain physiologist who had turned away from the well-marked highways of physiology into the obscure by-paths of psychology, made himself still more ridiculous by proposing and actually establishing an unheard of thing—a psychological laboratory. "Poor old Wundt!" one heard them say in the faculty meetings, "always a little brain-cracked! To think of measuring the God-given mind of man with brass instruments!" (They are still saying it in England today.) So the heads shook and the professors went back to their task of endlessly talking. Then, a decade later, a real scandal occurred in France. M. Renan proposed a startling thing. The chair of The Law of Nature and The Law of Nations in the Collège de France had become vacant. What does that miserable fellow do, but propose that the ancient honorableness of that moribund chair be abolished, and that it be changed into a chair in Comparative and Experimental Psychology! And what is more, this was done!

Then another thing happened. There was a supposedly rampant faker in Paris, by name Charcot, who hypnotized people. He actually had the audacity to declare, right to the faces of busy and well-paid physicians, that many diseases were, in their origin, not bodily at all, and that they might be cured, if you only knew how, by the simple process of putting people to sleep. A young man from Vienna, Sigmund Freud by name, happened to be studying with Charcot. He came to believe in him; helped him at his hypnotic *séances*. Then a fruitful idea came to young Freud; and he went back to Vienna to build up a doctrine strangely new.

YET another happening. This time again, a young man, G. Stanley Hall. He had come back to America, from that audacious laboratory of Wundt's, full of enthusiasm. But he, too, developed a queer idea that made him at once ridiculous among the staid folk who meticulously carried about their little candle-lights of science. Hall published articles on—babies! Not articles dealing with useful, healthy things, like measles and whooping cough; but with such puerile things as when do infants first notice their fingers; when do they reach for their toes; and so on. The young Ph.D. was either doddering or hopelessly married. And so again shoulders were shrugged; and the scientific men went back to pressing daisies in their botany books.

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A further happening was something of an event. In 1890, a brilliant Irish-American, by name William James, published two stout volumes, most discouragingly named Principles of Psychology. But even such a name could not kill that champagne-like book. It was an overnight success. It became a kind of best seller. Even the man in the street read it. So it was damned from the start-off. But a new luminary—James—had risen into view; and the world since then, has not been quite the same.

Now while these apparently unimportant happenings were occurring, many of us had our hats and coats off and were busy at really momentous things. These momentous things may be summed up in a single phrase: liberalizing our institutions. Juvenile courts were established; humane factory laws were passed; popular education was extended; more just divorce and property laws were enacted; sweatshops were abolished; and the eight-hour day became a more or less accepted standard; above all, the political equality of woman and her right of entry into higher education and into careers outside the home were achieved.

IT was a fairly great period. To be sure, the War interrupted it and left us all a little dazed and with new pressing problems. Hence that age of liberalizing our institutions cannot as yet be said to be ended, since at least two major objectives still remain to be achieved: first, getting rid of war; and second, putting more reasonableness and humanity into the work of the world. But although the period is not wholly ended, a new age begins to shape itself, one with distinctive and perhaps more searching interests.

And this is where we begin to be at outs with those pessimistic friends of ours who see nothing but evil and decay. Take, for example, the little laboratory begun by Wundt. At the present time there are hundreds of them throughout the world, and particularly throughout this supposedly crude-minded America. Out of those laboratories has come an energy of research that has already made profound changes in a number of regions of contemporary life. Again, that little unconventional volume of Lombroso's, has, since his day, stimulated thousands of psychologists, physicians, and social workers to such an extent that whole libraries could be furnished out of books dealing with the prevention of crime and the salvaging of the criminal. These books, moreover, are not simply gathering dust on library shelves. They have actually shaken the worm-eaten structure of ancient justice almost down to its first story.

And there were Charcot and his pupil, Freud. Does the respected reader now believe that all his bodily ills are bodily in origin? He would laugh at such a proposition. He knows about complexes, repressions, inner conflicts, and the rest. Much as we may be critical about both of them, Charcot and Freud are now the masters; and fussy, furious, pill-dosing physicians who anathematized them have not even flowers on their graves.

And the young man, G. Stanley Hall, with his tales of infant toe-reaching? Nothing, really, is more remarkable than the story of how, in these hard-boiled modern days of ours, a little child has led us; for out of child and adolescent psychology has come such powerful illumination that the old education and the old parenthood have begun to wither under their searching light, and a far more joyous education and family life have begun to take shape.

As for that bubbling Irish-American, James, everybody knows him, loves him, and quotes him; and a whole progeny of books have been born out of that first book of his, each bearing in some degree the impress of the brilliant master.

No, the age is not all in decay. Sad things have occurred, to be sure; and great problems need to be faced. But all these beginnings of which we have spoken have not come to nothing. As a matter of fact, they seem at last to have bitten into our age and to have started a new epoch going. As result, with the help of psychologists, psychiatrists, laboratories, and clinics, we begin to turn inward and examine the greatest of our natural resources. We take stock of *ourselves*.

There are probably two reasons among others that have helped to bring this about. The first applies particularly to America, where the psychological centering is, at the present time, most strongly in evidence. Our American history has been one of passing beyond successive frontiers. At last we have reached the final geographical frontier; and we are rolled back upon ourselves. With no more worlds to go out to, we find now the world of ourselves to go into.

The second reason has wider application. Not all of us are quite willing to admit it to ourselves; and it is offered for what it is worth. An adult is one whose difference from the child is chiefly characterized by the fact that he is responsible for himself. The child can lean on father and mother. But in the age just passed, the adult was himself a kind of child; provided with a heavenly Parent upon whom he could lean. Now, however, for a great many, either that heavenly Parent no longer exists for us as adults, or he exists so distantly as a first principle that not much of direct guidance or warm comfort flows from the relationship. Of a sudden, then—and all this has taken place in less than a generation—we adults find ourselves, as it were, cosmically parentless; waifs of the universe. We must be content at last to be really grown up and learn to lean more robustly upon ourselves.

How, now, can we learn to lean on ourselves? During earlier centuries, we were under no such necessity. A few outstanding qualities in our make-up were revealed to us—we had a "body" that was rather obstreperous, and a "soul" that needed saving; a few simple directions were given; and we might fulfill our destiny within the cosmic plan. Now, however, the whole situation is pretty radically changed. What we are and where we are going, we are not so sure. If, then, we are to make our way in this difficult and rather bewildering world, we must discover our own human powers, make our own human plans, achieve such success and escape such failure as we humanly can.

That is the picture of us today—at least of hundreds of thousands of us. And so it is little wonder that we turn with a sudden eagerness—almost a childish eagerness and confidence—to those who have been searching out the secrets of what we used to call the human soul.

"REASONS" are, of course, rather precarious things to give. There is always, somewhere, a better one. And in every "reason" there is always to be found an unexpected flaw. So I do not mean to lay overmuch stress on the foregoing. Perhaps neither of the reasons is true. Perhaps others are truer. Certainly we might instance the bewildering mess brought about by the World War as another.

For we have watched the very sunlight wane,
And watched our world go down in blood and tears.

And we might instance as another the powerful advance of science along all lines, upsetting our conventions and de-

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manding a pretty wide reorientation of ourselves. Nevertheless, whatever the reasons may be, a certain rather noteworthy fact remains, namely, that in recent years we adults have found a new and compelling interest—our own human nature. Those of us who are at least fairly alive have even gone so far as to join the adventurous forces who have set out to explore this hitherto only partly known territory, well assured that somewhere in its difficult spaces there lies our land of promise.

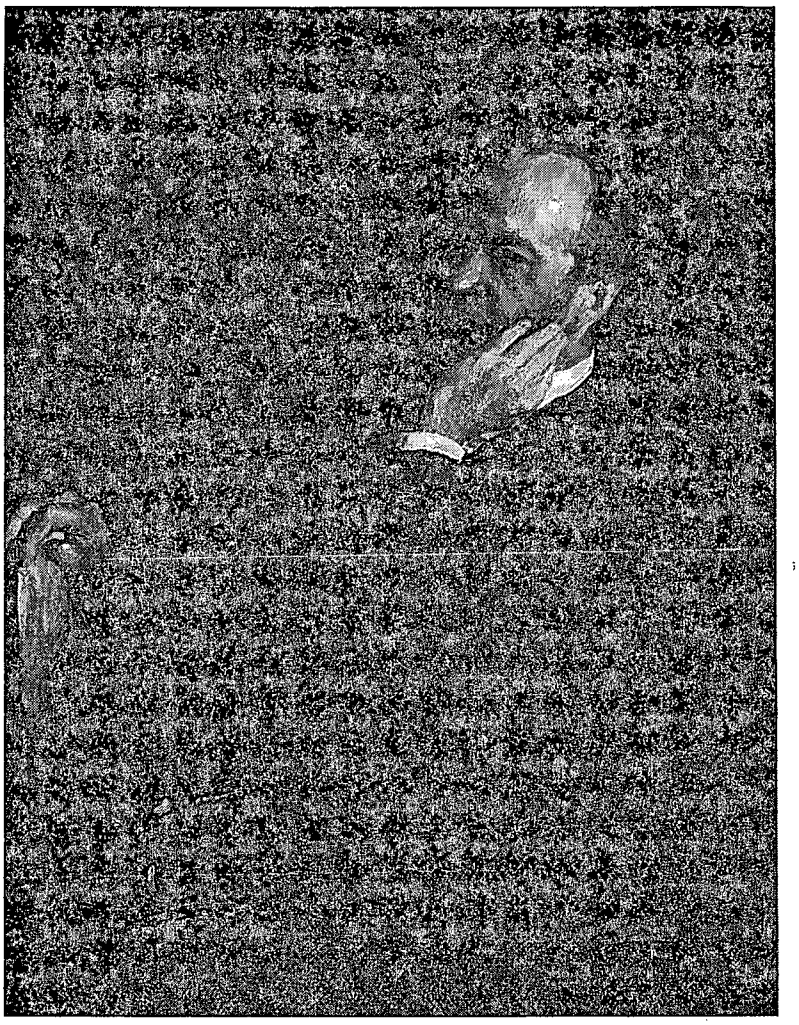
Has anything yet been discovered? A great deal; some of which has already forced us to make rather wry faces at ourselves; a great deal that has compelled us to scrutinize ourselves a little more searchingly in our family mirrors; in our school-room mirrors; in our factory and parliamentary mirrors.

WHAT, in the main, have we discovered about ourselves? It is too long a story to tell in all its detail; but the outlines may serve to remind us of where, at present, we are, and in what direction we are going.

In the first place, we have achieved a fairly new conception of our minds. We have learned that our minds are not at all the clearly rational instruments that we had supposed them to be. They are, in fact, far more "emotional" than "rational." One can easily see how such a view may have far-reaching consequences. As long as the mind is considered to be purely a logical machine, able to grind out not only its simple "two-plus-two-equals-four" but to make fairly accurate judgments upon complicated life matters, the chief task of our education will be to train these purely logical powers of ours. That, in fact, has been the prevailing objective in our traditional education. But if, on the contrary, the mind is understood to be something very much mixed with emotional elements—personal desires and fears, family affections, group familiarity, the pressure of the herd, and so on—the training of the mind comes, or will come, to be regarded as a widely different affair. Education then presents itself more profoundly as a process of training the emotional life—socializing the personal desires; eliminating the baseless and degrading fears; widening the affections; building up resistance against unreasonable herd pressure, local prejudice, and so on; developing a hospitality to scientific thinking. Something far more than learning to spell words and bound states and recite the laws of economics! If the psychologists are right, education is in for an overhauling such as it has never known before.

In the second place—and this, too, has wide-reaching effects—we have learned that the mind is not something which simply extends from the eyebrows up. We almost inevitably think of it in that way. If, however, it is true to say that we think with our thyroid, liver, stomach, blood pressure and the rest, as truly as we think with our cerebrum and cerebellum; if, in the second place, it is true that the source of much of our significant behavior is not in our conscious thought but in the subconscious regions of our psychic life, then the training of ourselves into effective manhood and womanhood must concern itself with far more than goes on within our conscious brains.

Two major objectives then, are suggested by this "sub-eyebrow" view of the mind: the development in us all of a thoroughly integrated bodily functioning; and the development of an equally integrated subconscious functioning. We are well on the way toward the realization of the first. We not only cheerfully have our adenoids out, but we even begin to cast wistful thoughts in the direction of our thyroids and pituitaries. On the other hand, we are only just beginning to realize the importance of developing integrated subconscious functioning. The importance of the latter will be realized just as soon as we become fully aware of the fact that one of the chief causes of disease among us is a condition of clamped-down inner conflict. We shall then be as concerned about the pressure of an unnatural fear or obsession or worry, a hidden shame, an unspoken anger, as we now are about abscesses or boils. What the psychologists have shown us is that this concern should begin early in life, with infancy itself; so that one of the chief tasks of the parent of the future (as also of the nursemaid and the teacher) will be to provide with rigorous care that no useless fears, no inferiority feelings, no timidities, no repressions are introduced into the life of a growing infant. How profoundly that will cleanse and strengthen and glorify our human life, it is quite impossible as yet to



From the Portrait by Ellen Emmet Rand Courtesy Grand Central Galleries

WILLIAM JAMES

"In 1890 a brilliant Irish-American, by name William James, published his Principles of Psychology. But even such a name could not kill that champagne-like book . . . and the world since then has not been quite the same"

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estimate; but the whole point of view suggests a widely different training of children as well as a widely different conduct of grown-up life.

IN the third place, while we still faithfully intone that we are all born free and equal, we begin to suspect that that is only a kind of pious gesture. As a matter of fact, various tests have shown us that we are all born with differing capacities and aptitudes. This need not shake our democratic faith; but it can perhaps make us deal with ourselves and our fellows a little more intelligently. It can put the ban on teaching forty unsegregated children the same thing in precisely the same way. It can cause us, in our business life, to cease hiring and firing people by the cut of their faces or the momentary state of our digestion. It can teach us successful ways in which to place individuals precisely where their capacities and their interests will make them most happily effective. Mental testing has been roundly denounced; and when it is used to prove the God-given superiority of the Nordic, it has, indeed, its weak spots. But on the whole, it has made us far more sensitive than we have ever been before to the unique capacities of each individual, and so has done much to discourage the wholly respectable antique method of disposing of people indiscriminately in the mass.

In the fourth place, we have learned to discount our boasted individualism. Most of us, we find, are only in the dimmest sense individuals. Rather, we are copy-cat creatures. We run with the herd; have our judgments formed by the herd; and are only happy when the herd rubs up against us lovingly and assures us that we haven't a blessed thought of our own. This herd-mind of ours has not been an altogether pleasant discovery. We remember some rather awful herd-panics, when we did some pretty ruthless trampling of our fellow herdsmen under foot for no other reason than that the whole herd was doing it. We begin to wonder whether herd hysteria is something that has to be, world without end; or whether we may not perhaps build up minds that are strongly and courageously individual. Some of us, with a zeal that outruns our optimism, are even eagerly awaiting the next war, to note, stop-watch in hand, the exact moment at which, the fifes blowing, the drums beating, we surrender our well-trained intelligence and go blithering herd-crazy.

FINALLY we have been learning about sex. Not much as yet; but enough to make us take considering thought of ourselves. What we have learned, more than anything else, is that this rather despised and hushed-up part of us is at least one, if not indeed the chief, of the sources of our happiness or our misery. All of that has opened up a new region of self-exploration, a region which to many seems like a dangerous jungle-land of lurking terrors and feverish desires, but to others a very Promised Land flowing with the milk and honey of our potential happiness. Most of us, of course, are still wandering in the wilderness of this sex question; and we shall probably get no nearer our Promised Land than to be told that the aviation corps has seen it through the mists. Nevertheless we have left Egypt behind —Egypt of the traditions and the taboos and the pitiless sex tyrannies—and we are plowing through the desert sands on to a Somewhere that may yet give to our life a dignity and a freedom which our feverish animal and pseudo-moral past has not yet known.

The foregoing indicates only a little of what has been opened up about ourselves; enough, however, to show that we are out on an entirely new kind of human adventure. What, now, are the chief rocks ahead of us?

The most serious of them is that we have not yet really grown up to our age. Our age is world-reaching; its problems weave and counter-weave over the face of the globe. However, we still move about with our traditional village minds, attentive to the near-at-hand; fairly intelligent about the near-at-hand; unable, with vividness, to grasp either the fact or the significance of the far-away. We are in short, moderately wise home-bodies, but ridiculously stupid world-bodies.

Again, with our traditional peasant minds—our cities were born only yesterday—we are able quite successfully to work alone or with a few; but we are still utter babes at working together in a widespread collectivity. Individually intelligent, we are collectively stupid.

This, then, perhaps is the chief problem which we have to face in ourselves. How can we build minds adequate to the *planetary pattern* of our eye? Schools, as yet, scarcely know that that is our chief problem. They are still far more concerned with glorifying the victories of their local ant-hills than they are with training minds that can see life widely and see it humanly whole. The difficulty, of course, is to find out how our localistic imaginations may be trained to function in broader scope; how our attention-power, set for the near-at-hand, can be readjusted to the far-away. The psychologists of the future, must, above all, find out how that is to be achieved. Else, with all our progress, we shall remain infants making random movements toward impossible moons.

IN the second place, in an increasingly scientific age, our minds balk at being scientific. We still prefer to wear the nightshirts of prejudice; to settle our political issues by log-rolling and recrimination; to yell our war-whoops across the boundaries; to carry on our business by guess work and plunder; to doze contentedly on the old social and religious dogmas; to teach our children to live submissively in a dead past; we prefer, in short, anything in the world but straight, honest, fearless, scientific thinking about the things that really count.

What are we going to do about this inveterate atavism in us, this curious unwillingness to face life with the tools and the techniques that our very own intelligence has devised? The paradox of our modern life is that we are proud of these tools and techniques of science; and yet we are desperately afraid to use them—except to exploit one another or to blow one another into gory smithereens.

Here then is a crucial problem for the psychologists of the future; how to make us really passionate to think scientifically in all the situations of our life. That problem, as yet, has hardly been tackled, particularly not by the "c-a-t-spells-cat-George-Washington-was-the-first-president" type of schools.

Along with this, of course, goes a special problem of our group life. A hundred years ago, before our age was the complicated thing it now is, and before we knew many of the things we have since found out about ourselves, we devised a parliamentary form of government for ourselves with parties, votes, issues, campaigns, and all the rest. It has worked fairly well, but not with (*Continued on page* 66)

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The Best Twenty Years

Growing Up and Growing On

By MARY AUSTIN

IN a general way, man has always accepted the completion of his first score of years as marking the term after which he can no longer be called young without qualification. It is only recently, however, that he has begun to protest against three-score as the beginning of thinking of himself as explicitly old. I say *man* with intention because there is no tradition of woman's effective age extending much beyond forty, for, in respect to the female of the species, the race has suffered a curious kind of group hypnosis. Beginning with the lunar rhythm, which as a variation from male behavior has been regarded as "unclean," a "sickness," of which the beginning and the close constitute times of particular peril, woman's contribution to the race, even her right to make a contribution, have been thought of as synonymous with her reproductive function.

At the end of this function she has found herself reduced in social value to the sum of her hard labor, and to the personal rating of merely a keepsake. For some thousands of years, so obsessed has our thinking been by the physiological pattern that it has been regarded as laudable to force its appearance in advance of natural development, and the disabilities of its climacteric as so natural that it has been left largely for women themselves to discover that they are not inevitably so. Within the lifetime of women who now proudly confess to their prime at sixty, it has been loudly and publicly declared that the best twenty years of a woman's life are those at which her reproductive function is at its maximum, before the climacteric, with its implications of a permanent back seat, is in sight.

That this widely entertained expectation has had much to do with bringing about the conditions which it postulated, by crippling woman's extra-reproductive capacities, there can be no manner of doubt. What is less sharply realized is that this preoccupation with the lunar rhythm as the index of female achievement, has brought in its train a whole series of false values from which men also suffer unguessed limitation. In the binding up of all our criterions of personal capacity with the physiological liability, man also has come to think of himself as existing at his maximum in all other respects at the crest of his reproductive powers.

A usual way of expressing this in the common speech, is to say that a "man is as old as he feels," or that men "retain their youth longer than women," meaning in a general way that man's maximum value to himself and society is coexistent with his male capacity, an obsession precisely as limiting to man—even though he does not realize it—as the old superstition about the climacteric has been to women. This association of high achieving values with sexual potency and both of them with youth, overlooks one of the most important obligations of the individual, the obligation to grow up. It assumes that the Great Experimenter—or the Life Force, whichever term you prefer—set out with the intention of making mankind merely a reproducing mechanism, and somehow slipped up on his original intention. It postulates the beginning of reproductive activity as a period of determinative importance in the life-span of the individual and its closure an untimely accident, which does not seem to the logical-minded in the least likely.

If it were true, of course, this would lend probability to the now discarded notion of the innate superiority of the male over the female, since there is undoubtedly ground for believing that in primitive society, the prolongation of fecundity in man is as pronounced as it has been in our kind of society. What one notices, however, in primitive society before the obsession has become fixed, is that the passage of the tribeswoman out of an exclusive maternal function is coincident with her passage into a kind of service in which the very maturity of her condition, its detachment, its superior freedom from personal persuasion, is regarded as a social asset. It is this group of mature past-mothers whose names can be discovered affixed to many early American treaties with the Indians under the caption "Principal Women." In other words, the generation of women now impressing itself upon western civilization is not the first to suspect that this business of growing up is one which involves the surrender of reproductive functions as a condition to effective assumption of other functions which may have nothing to do with reproduction, and are yet of first importance to society as a whole.

AT any rate, it is the present generation of western women who have learned at first hand that the twenty years succeeding to the menopause offer possibilities and rewards easily comparable with those of the reproductive cycle, and less subject to upsetting and disaster. This new certainty began with the empirical discovery of women actively engaged in the professions—that by the natural impetus of professional interests, preoccupations and emotions the climacteric, with its threat of physical disability and insanity, slid harmlessly by them. There can be no question that for women active in the arts and professions, the best twenty years are those in which the fact that they are females is most completely lost to sight. Already there is the beginning of a technique of escape heartily seconded by medical and psychological science, by which the period of peril may be not only safely passed, but established as offering possibilities of raising the voltage of personal capacity far beyond what has been thought possible for women.

The recent conclusion of the psychologists that the way the Life Force has with us is largely conditioned by our way of thinking about it, has had much to do with the shift of this tradition, further sustained by the hetero-suggestion of the numbers of moderns, both men and women, who are successfully extending the period of maximum activity past the mile-post of three score and ten.

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However it came about, the spell that bound the extra-reproductive powers of women has been broken, and in the train of that breakage has come a whole new cycle of ways of looking at the problem of adulthood. Speaking broadly, growing up is now suspected of being a continuous process to which no term can be set other than capacity of the physical mechanism to carry on, a capacity which medical science is steadily extending. The functional alterations which accompany adolescence and middle age are but shifts of gears, which, rightly understood can be made to contribute new accessions of energy, new scope of activity. The widening and enrichment of the psychic field of the individual which takes place at adolescence has long been recognized. Women who have gone through it are beginning to wonder if the equally decisive shift of gears in middle life does not offer like occasions for illuminating rifts in the psychic web. Has the mental unsettling which has been for so long the menace of woman's middle age been but the struggle of the psyche to establish itself on new levels, thwarted in process by our age-long superstition about the interdependence of mental age and reproductive capacity? It would almost seem so in the light of what is being accomplished by women nowadays between forty and seventy. At any rate, however bleakly it still threatens the woman over-worked, over-ridden by tradition and starved of her emotional capacity, the menace of middle-aged insanity no longer threatens the emotionally and intellectually active woman.

IN this new light of her own experience in disappointing the traditional expectation of her sex, women are beginning to look askance at the reluctance of men to accept a similar reading of the index of the years on their own behalf. Still proudly obsessed by the natural prolongation of his male capacity, there is a noticeable disposition on the part of the middle-aged man to turn back on his emotional path, attempting to repeat its personal phases with a younger woman. Formerly this tendency has been mitigated by such devices as polygamy and concubinage or, more recently still, it has been masked with secrecy, in the interest of the continuity of the family. With the new freedom of divorce, however, and the new willingness of young women to mate with elderly men—or perhaps it is a new unwillingness to make the struggle for competence with a young man—we are facing a situation which we are obliged to take seriously. The possibility of any wife's losing her husband in middle life to a woman half his age has become one of the modern hazards of marriage.

Not long ago I was talking to a man in a position to know the personal background of three or four rather recent fiascos among middle-aged men, and was not surprised to hear him express a common concept of the situation in saying that in every instance there was "a woman in the case." What he was actually telling me was that the man in each instance had tried to re-live a phase of his life which should logically have been put behind him, and had broken under the strain. A man may be emotionally as young as he feels, but to face the vital question whether it is advisable for him to continue to feel "young"—in the sense in which it is usually taken—after adulthood, is clearly indicated as the next forward step. In the instances I have in mind, two men were of national importance and another of high standing in the field of one of the sciences. "Feeling young" meant to them retaining the capacity for infatuation, by which the proponent was betrayed into behavior thirty years out of place in his scheme of growth.

I have sometimes been accused of saying that we can, by taking thought, increase the individual apportionment of intelligence. What I did say was that we can increase our flow of genius, of livingness, and the creative drive. But I shall never deny again the possibility that intelligence may also turn out to be one of those things of which man's portion is directly related to his expectation. With increased observation it grows upon me that this whole business of age and individual development is involved in the general race hypnosis growing out of the over-valuation of sex. What we seem to be confronted with, is a series of evolutionary phases of intelligence in an ascending scale, with emotional stop-offs, which we may or may not convert into terminal stations.

These stop-offs are loosely approximated in the general opinion, with increasing scientific sanction, at seven, fourteen, twenty-one and other multiples of seven years, as points beyond which mental development does not take place. More and more, psychological research is convincing us that, accompanying each of these periodical mental checks, possibly occasioning it, is an emotional arrest, a refusal to abandon the emotional experience that belongs to the earlier cycle, and to enter participatingly into the more adult phases. Remedial psychotherapy has discovered that sometimes even many years after such an arrest has occurred, its victim can be released by resolving the emotional complex; and this is as true when it occurs at forty-nine as at fourteen. All of which goes to indicate that adulthood is much less a process of growing old than of growing on . . . and on . . . and on.

To make effective such a concept of the business of growing up, it is necessary only that it be widely received. This would involve the abandonment not only of traditional age limits, but of emotional cycles, however enriching they may have been, when their natural terminus is indicated—indicated, I mean, by psychological experience rather than by any residuary physiological capacity, peculiar to the individual. The voluntary surrender of functional capacities which have formerly been of service to it, is the appointed way of the Life Force in all its manifestations.

WITH such a reading of the process of growing up, involving a continuous serial play of the individual life into and out of special functions and still more highly specialized personal experiences, the best twenty years of group service and individual achievement should be the years least subject to the distractions of individual specialization, while the body is unsubjected to the demands of the reproductive function and still responsive to the stimulus of the intellectual objective, as we know now with reasonable care, for both men and women, it can be. Something that Thomas Hardy said in reference to the release he experienced, in respect to the recovery of his long-neglected poetising powers, by accepting Einstein's theory of time, comes back to me continually as suggesting that our time-consciousness may be at fault in imposing on us the weary sense of weight in years. Once he was relieved of it, Hardy certainly did recover and make sensible progress in an art that for long has been associated not only with youth, but with the mating period, and considered as inseparable from them.

If then, we are able to shift our view of growing up as growing on, and if as sociologists insist, the species obligation of multiplication plays a less obsessing role in the individual life story, will we not in a measure alter our whole

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ONE PERSON AND TWO AGES

Painting by Achille Funi, Espositione del "900", Milano

way of looking at the individual career? Would we then feel under our present necessity of crowding all our formal learning into the first score of years? Isn't our present lumpy way of distributing schooling largely influenced by our whole notion of the periodicity of intelligence—the fear that if we do not learn when young we shall never be able to learn at all? Quite certainly, moving on the climax of our prime by a good score of years is going to make a difference in our preparation for it; especially as we more and more find it indicated that the time-honored checks to the intelligence are in reality disabilities arising out of false valuations placed upon the emotions attendant upon our "strange interlude" of specialization. It used to be said, "take care of your arteries and age will take care of itself." But how if we substitute emotions for arteries, or at least amend the saying to include them, getting all the emotions that are proper to your place in the individual cycle, but never letting them "get" us? Not, at least, get us to the extent of inhibiting adulthood in order to prolong them beyond their profitable use. Literature and the psychopathic clinic today are both crowded with instances of people refusing to grow past adolescence. Will their place be filled in the next generation or two with case histories of men and women refusing to realize between forty and fifty that "the best is yet to be"? As one of the generation that has accepted with confidence the obligation of growing on, I venture to prophesy something of the kind.

Among the advantages that might (*Continued on page* 70)

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MORE LIGHT

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Putting Away Childish Things

By FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D.

AFTER all, is the growing insistence that all of us shall be "adult" quite fair? Gladly would we be adult, one might say, but how? And why, indeed, am I not? I have gone through all the paces set for me, jumped through every hoop placed for me, and now after all my really earnest and conscientious effort to be a man and to do a man's work in a man's way—I have assumed the responsibility of a home, a wife, and three children; I am holding down a job that has importance beyond the salary-return to me; I am interested in the social activities of my community; I am reasonably cheerful and good-natured, although at night I am so dead fagged by the crowded activities of the day, that I can scarce do more than tumble into bed; I am carrying without unreasonable complaints the load and responsibilities that have come to me as an adult—so why am I turned upon and ordered rather scornfully to grow up? What, in the name of goodness, have I been doing for the last 'steen years? Just so. The man is right even though it may be that the evidence he gives does not necessarily prove that he has "grown up."

There would seem to be no question that most of the ills we suffer from are man-made and not superhumanly inflicted, and that they come about through the emotional immaturity of people who have to wrestle with emotional (social) problems that are beyond their capacity (emotional not intellectual), even to understand, let alone to handle satisfactorily. This is one way of putting it.

It can be put another way: It is 1928; and most that man knows about *himself*, and almost all that he knows about his world, he has known for less than a hundred years. Our own parents were children when some of the first steps in knowledge were taken; our own grandparents were born in a period before even simple things in regard to man were known. I am, of course, differentiating between what we know and what men may feel, think, believe; and without, too, even implying that what men have felt, thought and believed, is either wrong or useless—it is merely that one cannot come to understand things or know how to change things by merely thinking, feeling and believing.

It is when we realize how new all this is, that we can view life, our own antics and those of others, with some equanimity, not only without bitterness and discouragement, but with a heightened curiosity and sensitiveness that makes even the most irritating conduct of others matter of supreme interest. The bad boy (or judge) ceases to be a nuisance and becomes absorbingly interesting; the very good little boy (or minister, or college president) ceases to irritate and becomes also an object of absorbing interest. We are watching, and at the same time, are a part of an amazing spectacle unfolding in our own generation that is worth many times the price we pay.

The *demand* that we "grow up" has come about in an interesting way. Obviously, there can be no demand. The implication in such an injunction is that one can "grow up" if one will. This indicates a complete lack of understanding of the whole matter. In another connection one might just as well say scornfully, "What's the matter with your pituitary? Stop complaining and turn it on. If you would let up on your clinoid processes—or prejudices—(I am not using these words synonymously, of course, but merely to parallel one argument with the other) you'd give your pituitary—or intellect—a chance to function, but if you insist upon clamping down your clinoid, how do you expect your pituitary to work?"

Now if "let up on the clinoid and give the pituitary a chance" were to become a subject for popular lectures and magazine articles, and a slogan with which to beat one's troublesome friends or enemies, we should be mystified. "Gladly, if this will stop your talk; but how in the devil am I to do it?" And there is just as much chance of lifting one's self by one's bootstraps from emotional infancy, childhood, or adolescence to adulthood, as there is of turning on a pituitary tap somewhere, or working a lever to let up the confining pressure of the clinoid processes. Efforts of this kind end usually in a situation just as childish and more deceptive because more sophisticated: One decides to "grow up" by ceasing to be "prejudiced" and ends merely in becoming heatedly prejudiced against prejudice. (For a good illustration of this mechanism, regardless of the application made, see Walter Lippman's review of Floyd Dell's Upton Sinclair, A Social Study in Protest, in The Saturday Review of Literature, March 3, 1928. A very clear statement is also to be found in Upton Sinclair, The Way of the Reformer, by Lawrence S. Morris, in the New Republic, March 7, 1928.) But perhaps we can clear the situation somewhat and get ourselves better oriented for understanding the present status of the matter if we see how what in the beginning was and should remain a litmus paper for understanding and a guide-post for scientific traveling has become something of a bludgeon.

AFTER patient labor a crude instrument, later much perfected but still imperfect, was finally put together which, when applied to certain conditions, revealed a surprising amount of information, first in a field in which *no* information was wanted, and later in other fields in which it could be admitted information was desired. This instrument—psychoanalysis—fell naturally to the hands of the psychiatrists as it was developed in their domain of activity, and to the psychologists who were working in adjoining fields. But few of them would touch it. Most of them stood about like a scared boy who has come upon his first garter snake. Some poked at it with a long stick (dignified, conservative, scientific attitude); some no sooner got a glimpse of it than they rushed out of the woods with blanched faces and startled eyes running tears, to shout a warning—as, on the discovery of salversan, an eminent professor of pathology in a grade A medical school, went tearfully about wringing his hands, saying that it was the

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most damnable drug ever made because it would increase immorality. Others stood about fascinated but jumped every time the snake jumped; and finally rushed off to tell the world amazingly about snakes. Others, to change our simile, although unwilling to touch the instrument, watched out of the corner of their eye, while still others used it and its modifications, filched great quantities of the material, passed it through themselves for purification (eclectic method) and—for what this instrument was helping to reveal was the basis of certain human relationships and the genesis of emotional conflicts—began to formulate judgment for popular consumption.

NOW the fact that certain adult reactions grow out of infantile and childish conflicts and modes of reacting, that adult reactions are often really infantile reactions, and that the adult has really never outgrown the infantile reactions and thereby become adult, capable of dealing with adult problems on an adult basis, grows out of the data that this instrument has revealed. Those who are expert in its use are aware of these facts and have pointed them out. They are also aware of the complexity of these matters, of the difficulties involved in them, and of the impossibility of anyone's ever changing them by a will to do so; and they are the last ones to *demand* that people who do not even know that they are wearing diapers shall take them off; in fact, they may even feel it would be better if they left them on. There might be most uncomfortable accidents if they just started pulling at them. (The big-town philosophy—I am what I am and must be myself: that is just taking off the diapers before sphincter control has been gained.)

Those who are really expert in the understanding and handling of psychoanalysis have first made some effort through the use of it upon themselves (by another) to free themselves from some of their own infantilism and to gain for themselves some degree of emotional maturity. What may be considered "adult" is probably a matter of definition. There are data upon which we may begin to form some judgment as to what the possibilities eventually may be—I shall venture in a moment to make a judgment by way of a definition. Judged by this definition, none has gained the maturity it implies—one who understands these matters knows that he could not—but he has gained a relative maturity (differing with the individual, the difference depending upon the amount and kind of the previous immaturity and the skill with which the reorganization was handled), that for the present year of the Lord is something of an accomplishment. Most of them have at least gained a degree of emotional maturity that would make it unnecessary for them and a degree of understanding that would keep them from *demanding* that others put away childish things and grow up.

What has happened then is that this instrument for dealing with human relationships, conflicts and emotions—now much more respectable—has fallen by right of professional propinquity into the hands of psychiatrists, psychologists, and neurologists, who by and large are no more emotionally mature than the average person. Intellectually, they are keen and above the average level; but emotionally, they "just grew up" too, and only a few years ago the most eminent of them was only little Willie Jones with a tic, and there has been nothing in the process of obtaining facts and figures and knowledge of spinal-cord tracts that would tend to change Willie into William; intellectually he is rightfully William; emotionally he is still Willie and he still has his tic. The psychiatrists and psychologists were no more *emotionally* prepared for this instrument than a group of engineers; hence the present condition of floundering. This is not intended as a criticism but merely as a statement of a fact. Why should they be expected to be any better prepared emotionally? Should they *continue* so and still offer themselves as experts in emotional problems, then they will be open to criticism.

A group of intellectually keen "pre-schoolers," then, have had a present dropped into their midst. They are still more or less afraid of it; they won't (many of them) use it themselves but they won't let any one else have it. If one of the group picks it up and points it at another of the group, the latter begins to cry in alarm; but some of the bolder who dare at least to pick it up even if a bit gingerly, and without quite knowing which end is loaded, have good bad-boy fun pointing it at passersby, and the others can join in that fun. One source of the *demand,* therefore, is from frightened professional lads. The demand comes also from some of those who are in the process of attempting to grow up and who haven't yet quite succeeded, or are not yet quite accustomed to it. (See my long pants. Why don't you ask your mother to get you some long pants? You don't like long pants? Aw, you're such a kid!) Or those who, after a conscientious effort, find themselves infinitely better off than they were before, but with a residuum that they can handle most comfortably by pointing out the more obvious childish reactions of others.

But all this is just a stage in a long human travail and need give no great concern. It is to be understood, like any other aspect of human behavior. To understand it even in its general aspects tends to correct it and this process of correction is already well at work in the professional groups most concerned, and will soon be at work in still larger groups. Then there will be fewer injunctions to grow up and more effort to understand the social significance of lack of emotional maturity and consideration of well-designed plans for obtaining maturity and preventing immature development.

THE fact than men and women in high places as well as the average run of men and women in their daily decisions and relationships to others frequently merely re-assert infantile and childish emotional patterns, is an important fact and should be kept to the fore in discussion. In an address at Yale University in 1923, I said:

> As time goes on we shall become more and more familiar with another type of individual—one who is adult in physical development and in intellectual development, but who emotionally lives the life of a child. It may not be possible for us to be so specific as to say that a given individual is chronologically twenty-five years of age, has a physical and intellectual development in accordance with his age, but has the emotional development of a child of seven. What we shall recognize, however, is this, that this business man, this school teacher, this judge of an important court, this publisher, this reformer, is an adult in years, has an adult physical development and a keen intellect, but emotionally lives the life of an adolescent, or of a child, or even of an infant. As the possibility of this situation comes to be generally recognized and these individuals to be identified, I am inclined to think that we shall be less patient with their judgments, that we shall not so blindly follow their decisions and leadership, that we shall come to say to them something like this:
>
> "You have reached physical adulthood and you have an unusually keen intellect. You could be a very useful individual. Your decisions in important matters, however, are made, not

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in accordance with the facts, but in the light of the unsolved emotional problems of your own personal childhood. You act honestly enough, but you see the facts presented to you not as they are truly but as they are distorted through these personal lenses. You cause difficulty and confusion. Your keen intellect makes it possible for you to defend ably your improper decisions and your weak causes. Many problems which are brought to you could be fairly easily solved if they did not get mixed up with your own personal problems which have nothing to do with the issue at hand. Therefore you hinder rather than help. You need to grow up. Retire from the world of pursuits for the present, have your own personal problems solved and, when you have succeeded in reaching adulthood in all respects—physical, intellectual, and emotional—return to these important activities you have in hand. You are not useful now; you are only a disturber. The fact that your high order of intellect has brought you to such prominence and position of power in the community does not alter the situation. It only makes you a greater disturber. The world needs you, but the world can use you only after you have grown up."

The world is full of such. And they are to be found not only in humble but in high places. They may not be so easily identified as the intellectually defective, but we shall come to identify them and to deal with them. We shall come to observe more closely our leaders, whether these leaders be in politics or social science, law or medicine, religion, ethics, morals, or reform. In the meantime, in our homes, schools, and colleges, where our future leaders are being developed, we shall become as interested and as careful in the emotional progress of children and students as in their physical and intellectual development. (Social Aspects of Mental Hygiene, by Frankwood E. Williams, C. Macfie Campbell, Abraham Myerson, Arnold Gesell, Walter E. Fernald, Jessie Taft. New Haven: Yale University Press.)

I would only change this statement in minor detail, now. But this matter of emotionally immature adults is a fact to be faced like any other fact—it is some three thousand miles across the Atlantic, and if you want to get across you must take a boat, or perfect a suitable type of aeroplane. When it can be absorbed as a fact without disturbing the emotional economy of the one who digests it—it will, of course, cause cramps in others—it becomes useful in several ways. It gives us some insight into our own difficulties. While, as I have said, we cannot change these things within ourselves by tugging at our bootstraps, we can be on our guard against certain overt reactions, we can steer clear of certain types of situations, and we can more or less do away with certain secondary reactions—of fear, for example—generated by our previous lack of understanding and mystification at emotional upset. This is far from attaining a satisfactory emotional maturity, but it is better than nothing at all. If the difficulties are too great, we may turn to technical assistance for help.

IN the second place, in our personal relationship with others, it is well to be sensitive to the odor of drying diapers. One meets it, of course, everywhere—on the subway, at the theater, at dancing parties, in a crowded store, around the rostrum of judges, in the offices of bank presidents, college presidents, deans, physicians and social workers, in editors' sanctums. In the average minister's study and the reformer's and uplifter's office, the room is so strung with wash-lines that one can scarce get in; but the point in noting this—along with one's own moisture; this can be done without any great amount of morbid introspection—is not that one may with scorn exhibit one's own long trousers, but merely in order to know better how to meet the situations that are likely to develop in the contact. Closing one's eyes and holding one's nose and denying that there is an odor, accomplishes nothing; one is likely to hang one's self on a line leaving the room. But more important than either of these personal reasons is the fact that to be aware of such a matter makes it possible in broader social relationships to view social life and to be a part of it with considerable equanimity, an equanimity untinged by indifference, which leaves one's imagination and energy free to work along the lines indicated, undisturbed by current commotions and excitements.

THERE is yet to be determined a standard for mental health. There have gradually evolved rough standards for physical health, so that it begins to be possible to talk of a "health examination," and to think in terms of "positive health;" but so far as I know no standard has been proposed for mental health. Or, to put it in the terms of this article, a standard for emotional "adulthood." By law, an individual becomes adult at twenty-one; physiologically he completes his growth probably about twenty-five; intellectually he must grade above sixteen. When, and by what standard, may he be said to have "grown up" emotionally? H. Crichton Miller, in an excellent little book (The New Psychology and the Teacher. Seltzer. 1924), had this to say in regard to the goal of human emotional development:

> We are left with certain indications of the goal of individual development. The child has to grow up, and to make the three principal adjustments which are demanded of the complete human being. He has to make the adjustment to society—to pass from the self-centered isolation of infancy to full communion with his fellow-creatures. The human species is gregarious; and if the individual fails to make his adjustment to the herd, his life is incomplete, and his character is not fully developed.
>
> Secondly, he has to make the adjustment to the potential mate. From the point of view of character-development, it matters relatively little whether the boy or girl ultimately marries; but it matters intensely whether he or she is psychologically adjusted to the potential mate and to the conception of parenthood.
>
> The third adjustment which has to be made is the adjustment to the infinite. It is useless for a person to consider himself an adult while he is still pretending to himself and to the world that he does not know whether there is a God, and is indifferent on the subject. He is far from maturity if he does not know himself well enough to realize that he has got to settle in his mind his own view of the infinite, and to adjust himself to it. Nor is his adjustment adequately made if he carries through life a conception founded primarily on childish experience: the conception of a God who is identified either with the severity or with the indulgence of his parents.
>
> In making these three adjustments, the child is involved in a series of complete transitions. He begins life entirely dependent, egocentric, irresponsible; he should become fully independent, altruistic, responsible. He has to pass from the completely filial to the completely parental attitude. From being the victim of circumstance and environment, helpless in the face of these two factors, he should end by being independent of both, and the captain of his own soul. Lastly, from being first unconscious, and then more and more conscious of himself as a center of attraction, he should attain to the completely adult attitude which includes the readiness to be ignored.

This is as good a statement as I know, although I am not altogether clear as to the implication of at least one part of it. The last paragraph deserves to be placed in italics. Speaking merely of the emotional aspect, I would suggest for a brief statement tentatively something as follows: An adult is (1) one who is able to see objects, persons, acts (realities) in the terms of what they are, cleaned of all infantile symbolic (*Continued on page* 61)

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Three Ages of Man

Portrait Busts By Alexander Portnoff

THESE three fine heads of adult men, shown currently at the Milch Galleries in New York, are the work of a sculptor who, though born in Russia, has spent most of his artistic life in this country. He brings to his modelling a fresh eye for the American types he finds. Each bronze is individual, and yet there is a common denominator of national character in these portraits of college professors and other intellectuals who have sat for him. A room full of his heads is like a pleasant social occasion—one feels quite ready for an exchange of good talk. The portraits on this page are of (top) Frederic Vaux Wistar, (left) Carl Sandburg, (above) Joseph H. Brinton.

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Who Is Grown Up?

Six Replies from a Sociologist, an Educator, a Psychologist, a Philosopher, a Poet, and a Social Worker

THE SOCIOLOGIST: *Ernest W. Burgess*

WHAT is it to be grown up? Is it physical maturity? Is it the average mental age of the adult, the sixteen years of the Stanford revision of the Binet-Simon scale, or the thirteen and one-half years of the Army mental test findings? Is it arriving at one's majority, the legal age at which youth can marry without parental consent, or, somewhat later, at which one may cast a ballot and manage his own property? Or is it the achieving of some approximation of the Socratic dictum, "Know thyself"?

Social maturity, at any rate, is something different from physiological growth or even mental development. We have not as yet devised a social maturity scale to supplement the intelligence quotient of the psychologist. Therefore we cannot with any sociological measuring-stick definitely determine Elmer Gantry as an adolescent, or rate Nora as a juvenile in the opening act of The Doll's House, or assign an adult status to the boy John Stuart Mill, at eight and ten years already discussing with his father the ultimate questions of philosophy. Yet it may be possible to propose certain characteristics of the social process of growing up.

The dialectic of personal growth, according to J. Mark Baldwin, consists in first admiring, then acquiring, and finally appraising the conduct and the code of other persons. From infancy to old age we grow, as George H. Mead points out, by assuming and rejecting the many and diverse social roles offered us by our environment.

Hazardous as it is to suggest criteria of this process of social growth, the following characteristics are offered tentatively:

The naïveté of the child may be set over against the sophistication of the adult. Conventionalization of conduct is unmistakably a criterion of grown-up behavior. A Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, is only a striking confirmation of the universal observation of the freshness, sincerity and objectivity of a child's perception of the world about him. Children naturally do not lie, as students of child behavior like William Healy have learned, until forced in self-defense to prevaricate or taught to falsify by parents, teachers, social workers, and the other guardians of society. The *enfant terrible* is convincing evidence that children acquire training not in truth-telling but in concealing facts, in "white lies" and in equivocation. The innocence and faith in human nature of the child is often strikingly contrasted with the knowledge, scepticism and even cynical attitude of maturity.

This conventionalization of conduct may also be analyzed in the change from the random multiform activity of the child to the purposeful specialized behavior of the adult. Herein lies one significance of the difference between play and work. The characteristic activities of childhood are those engaged in for their own sake because the activity itself is stimulating. Compare the spontaneity and the inconsistency of Penrod in Tarkington's delightful portrayal, with the discipline and concentration of the manhood career of an Abraham Lincoln or a Thomas A. Edison. The child has projects, but they are many and changing; the adult develops a master project, generally organized around an occupational goal, as a center for all his other activities.

A third and perhaps the most significant criterion of maturity is the achievement of personal autonomy. By personal autonomy is not meant merely emancipation from the authority of older persons, like parents, but self-control in the sense of the mastery both of one's own vagrant impulses and of the seeming chaos of the world. Even with the child, but especially with the adolescent, there is a vital interest in understanding and in resolving the inner moral struggles and the outer social conflicts. The majority of adults accept some religious doctrine or work out a philosophy of life that gives at least the semblance of order and of reason to the confusion of existence. The solution arrived at generally brings with it more or less disillusionment and may entail serious arrest and contraction of the personality—as in the further withdrawal from the world, in *tedium vitae* of erstwhile flaming youth, in futile crusades of restless egocentrics, in fatuous optimism, in gloomy pessimism or corroding cynicism. With others, the unsolved conflict has an issue in crime, insanity, or suicide.

It is one of the paradoxes of life, humorous or tragic as you like, that the consuming passion of children is to grow up, while the backward look of the adult is to childhood as the golden age. If any one wishes to attempt to assess the gains and losses in growing up, he will find no more challenging statements than in the words of the two outstanding characters of the New Testament: "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things."

THE EDUCATOR: *Joseph K. Hart*

THE word "adult" comes from the Latin *adultus,* which is the pluperfect of *adolescere,* from which we get our English word adolescent. Etymologically, therefore, the adult has been a pluperfect adolescent—an overdeveloped youth.

This explanation of the word fits in perfectly with the facts of history and experience. The human race has never been quite courageous enough to accept maturity of mind—that is, real intelligence. Childishness has been so much more comfortable. As Bertrand Russell says: "Men fear thought as they fear nothing else in the world." All past

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educational, moral and religious institutions have conspired to hold the minds of youth prisoners in their adolescent emotions, by hardening those emotions into habit-patterns for age. Schools, churches and homes, alike, preferred to "finish" the minds of young people—to give those minds a final "set"—before turning them loose upon the world. The adult who has ever been the product of these finishing processes has, therefore, usually been fully grown physically, but a child or an adolescent in mental and moral stature.

All these contentions are further supported by the historic fact that the adult of history was usually hard and dogmatic where he should have been a bit modest and uncertain, namely, in all the realm of morals and spiritual relationships; and he was soft and scared in all those areas of experience in which he might have achieved some assured knowledge, namely, in the realm of nature and the physical conditions of living. He held adamantine dogmatisms with respect to what was morally right and wrong, theologically true and false; but he was utterly childish and absurd in all his interpretations of nature, making that a realm of magic and mystery and hocus-pocus.

To be sure, this moral and spiritual hardness helped the primitive and pioneering type of man to conquer the wilderness—for his moralized state and his clan gods. But his adolescent absurdities and his childish mentality left him, though he was Man the Conquerer, a trembling coward in the presence of such a word as "evolution." The physical adult with a hard, unyielding will in place of a mind has ever been a moral and intellectual adolescent in the presence of the unexplored and the unknown world.

Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE THINKER
By Thomas Eakins

In these times, if one is to be grown up, he must reverse these attitudes. The stature of modern man is to be measured largely by his capacity to make himself over. The civilization of the modern world is to be gauged largely by its capacity to develop an education that will produce grown-up men and women. The modern grown-up must be fearless, even ruthless, in his dealings with nature: he must compel nature to yield her secrets and submit to his controls; and though he should carry his enquiries "beyond the paths of all the western stars," he will not falter. Moreover, he will apply his searchings and his findings to all those areas of human nature, in which the scared past set up fallacious educations and moralities and theologies based upon fallacious interpretations of the nature of mind and the world.

On the other hand, the modern grown-up will be careful and cautious in all those areas of experience in which moral and spiritual interests are at stake, knowing full well the warpings of mind and spirit that come of unfounded dogmatisms. He will have escaped from the prejudicial attitudes of the past, with their degrading fears, their mob emotions, and their harsh judgments. He will have achieved a spiritual sensitivity that can be rightly called human. He will be sophisticated without being supercilious. He will be good-humored without being utterly frivolous. He will have good taste without being pedantic or an esthete. He will have a culture which is not the mere spoil of libraries, but the outgrowth of his own spiritual experience. He will have a will that can rest in a world of explored realities, but that is ever ready for adventurings into new ranges of reality.

But above all things he will have mind: understanding and a critical intelligence that can face all problems fearlessly. He will not be content, like the adult of the past, to dwell in a world of old habits and customs; nor will he be content, like the zealot of today, to try to live in a world of burning emotions. He will have intellectual courage to live beyond both the besotted adolescent of the past and the intoxicated radical of the present. He will not be the slave of either Adam Smith or Karl Marx. He will no more be controlled by the slogans of tomorrow than by the phrases of yesterday. His mind will hold a keen blade to every such slogan or phrase, and he will cut it open to see whether it has juice within, or merely sawdust.

He will not be subservient to institutions of any sort whatsoever; and he will call all institutions to the bar of his own conscience, as occasion may demand, and give judgment upon them. Yet he will, himself, have some center of his life that is bound by strong bonds to the great conservative faiths of life—for the past is not all to be denied, just as the present is not all to be accepted. His life will be, from adolescence onward, an intellectual and moral adventure, not spectacular for the most part, but quiet, persistent, unafraid.

Always there have been such men and women, at least beginning with Socrates. The human race will have achieved an incipient maturity when the number of such men and women is great enough to exert some real measure of influence upon the character of our institutions, and, therefore, upon the direction of our civilization.

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THE PSYCHOLOGIST: *Joseph Jastrow*

THE comprehensive principle of genetic psychology is that whatever is set by nature, whatever is ancient and runs deep in human heredity, whatever appears early in and is strong in the child, whatever comes to expression powerfully in primitive man and in the less sophisticated classes, remains fundamental in the overlay of maturity and civilization. Thus is set the permanent keynote of our life-urges. The genetic perspective of significance is authentic.

A second consequential principle is a reminder that life begins in one stage and graduates successively into others; successful graduation is at once the norm and the ideal.

A third principle sets forth that, paralleling the unfoldment from within and waiting upon it as well as stimulating its growth, are the shifting stresses of the environment—in so large measure a structure devised by man to direct behavior to desired and prescribed ends.

A corollary emphasizes the persistent tendency to fall back to earlier simpler forms of response. The child is not an immature adult, so much as the adult is an imperfectly matured child.

Finally, much of the behavior imposed upon grown-ups involves a drastic reconstruction of original trends. Such is a concentrated epitome of our vital human problems. If this statement suggests a psychological sandwich so weighty in ingredients that it must be well pondered to be absorbed, the reader may look for redress to editors who prefer short orders to meals in courses.

The story is familiar of the irreverent monarch who after following the astronomer's complicated account of the planetary orbits—cycle on cycle, orb on orb—remarked that if he had been present at the inauguration of the universe, he would have offered some simple advice. The psychologist in similar mood, having in mind the demands of civilized life as a human goal, could readily suggest a make-up more suitable to the purpose. Considering the major struggles of man's prolonged infancy, it is indeed amazing that with such equipment he should have attained collectively and individuality to so much of civilized maturity as prevails.

In such view it becomes intelligible that the moralist should have found an easy solution in the doctrine of original sin, and the intellectualist in an equally native stupidity. But the only pertinent clue is biological; if at times we behave like pre-human or near-human beings, it is because city streets make jungle and prairie habits and a cave-man temperament seem incongruous. Fortunately or unfortunately or both, we are without the benefit of acquired characteristics. The process of domestication and civilization must be repeated for each generation; and that constitutes life's supreme ordeal—the uncertain venture of growing up.

A recent confirmation of this commanding insight comes from the mental tests, the net issue of which is that the measure of intelligence is how fast and how far one can grow in mind. The below par are permanently fixed at a mental age of ten, or it may be twelve, or it may be fourteen; and they must live at that level. The announcement that the prized average American citizen has a mental age of fifteen (more or less) came with a sense of shock, from which we may recover by reflecting that if that popular and populous specimen had the intelligence of a *bright* youth of fifteen, there would be no cause for despair.

Far more significant for the welfare of human relations is the arrested emotional age and the limitations of behavior that it imposes. The petty troubles and minor frictions, and no less the major difficulties and adjustments, which are in essence the same in an expanded as in a narrow setting, testify to the inevitable waste and confusion and folly and misery that result when adult problems must be met on a childish mentality—a mentality far more emotionally than intellectually determined. The tempers, obstinacies, fears, jealousies, spites, resentments, suspicions, distrusts, lapses, follies, cravings for notice, poses for importance, indiscretions, silly devotions, thriftless and mindless pleasures, encumber and entangle the human scene, sending the student of human behavior to a democratic combination of nursery, menagerie, and house of folly for their interpretation.

Place it where you like, in the family circle, in ordinary business, getting and spending, in factory and office, in the arena of sport or the playground of fashion, in clubs and public movements, in politics, in causes and their ways and means, wherever men congregate and compete and attempt to get on and move together—and women more so as well as differently in tempo and phrasing—and the preponderant reason for the low level of enlightenment and reasonableness and harmony and tolerance, is because so many are victims of imperfectly matured emotions handicapping their none too conspicuous and congenially tinctured intelligence. A roving psychologist retreating to the gallery of legislative halls (or, to be impartial, eaves-dropping at women's clubs) may dispel his perplexity to understand why things proceed as they do, by calling to mind the more engaging ways of the school-ground, when we were legitimately young.

And just when, with such encouragement or resistance as nature offers, we have overcome the cruder motivations of childhood, nature steps in with a knock-out blow and precipitates the mind-quakes of adolescence: more turbulent energy to subdue, a second reconstruction to face, and one of larger consequence for versatile disaster. That campaign must be fought and won before there can ensue the peace and poise of maturity and a responsible share in the work of the world. The attempt, now peculiarly in vogue, to run the world on adolescent emotions is an idle dream and a futile endeavor. The collective and selected maturity of the race, the increasing purpose of the favored heirs of the ages, have brought into being a prodigiously complicated world which demands for its management an increasingly rigid standard of grown-up mentality.

THE contribution from the abnormal must be included. It comes by the protean route of hysteria. From the present angle, hysteria represents an imbalance of emotion overweighted with the limitations of immaturity—more simply, a peculiar liability of failure to mature. Dr. Core of Manchester makes it the dominant regressive neurosis. The prevalent emotional instability, falling back to childish behavior-patterns, is an hysterical liability. All children are hysterical, primitive people in their own way are hysterical, and the problem that civilization has to contend with is to reduce the natural hysteria of the human race. This is not an additional menace, but another way of stating the inherent difficulty of growing-up. The Freudian disciples reach the same conclusion from another approach, adding to the misfortunes of childhood a further range of damning complexes, narrowing the route to a sane maturity. Some of their hydra-headed monsters are of their own polluted making; but the contrasted pattern of child and adult mentality is real. Such are but a few sketches of chapters in the hardy enterprise of growing up.

There is no intention to rebel against nature's decrees,

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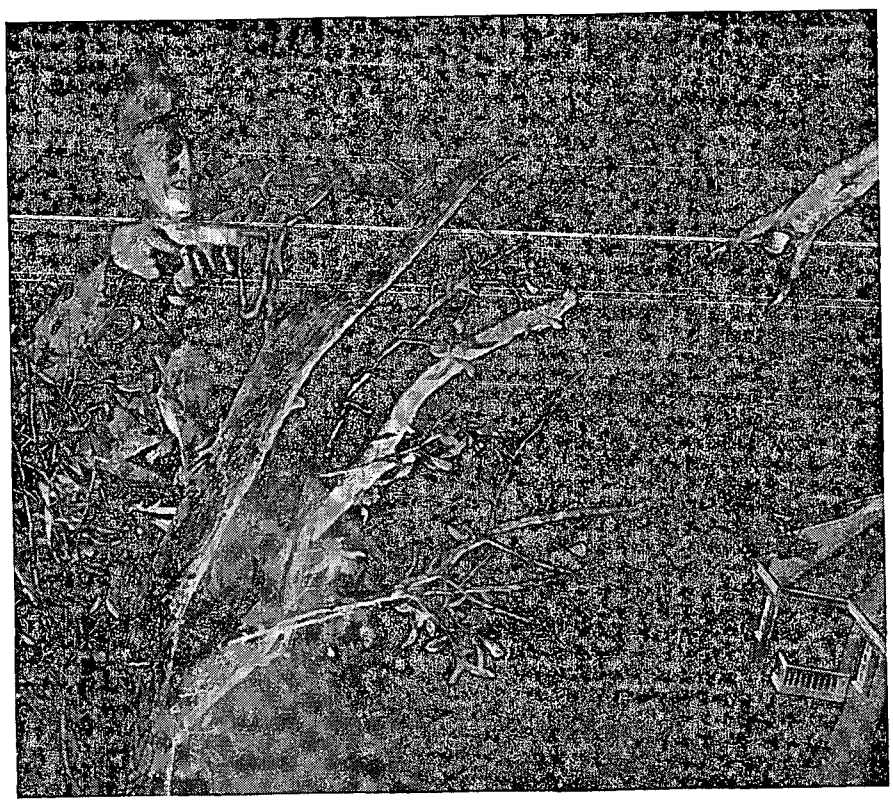
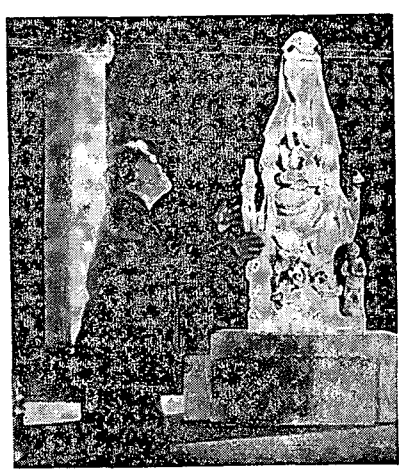
Screening the Subconscious

THAT "energy of exploration" into the dark territory of human psychology, which has brought in new forms for the novel and fresh subjects for art, has reached the movie. Quite beyond powers of pen or brush the camera lends itself to the portrayal of the dream fantasies of a disturbed mind, a muddle of ideas and illogical situations that the waking imagination would hardly conceive. In this first picture-play of a psychoanalytic case, made by the Ufa studios in Germany, with two physicians as scientific advisers, the man is helpless in an obsession to kill his wife, to whom he is devoted. At length the recollection of a dream gives the familiar sex clue to adult disturbance, in terms of childhood experiences. In this dream clanging bells had turned into the jeering faces of women who in real life the husband suspected of deriding his childlessness; he saw himself routed from his home by a cousin, to whom in play as children his wife had given her doll; and then asking pity of a huge idol that resembled a gift this cousin had brought them from his voyaging. The dream discloses to his physician his unacknowledged sense of impotence and his life-long dread of his cousin as a rival. These are those Secrets of a Soul which give the picture its title.





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only to recognize them and accept them. Whatever wisdom psychology offers to the art of living must be by way of adjustment to them. Nor do we wish to sacrifice the joys, the spontaneity, the creative freedom, the essential privileges of immaturity, and await the hardening of the emotions with the constriction of the arteries. The plasticity is all to the good, and our hygienic aim is to prolong it to a ripe age. But the work of the world for a large span of years, and for the responsible in all callings, is a grown-up job. It requires a grown-up mentality, putting away childish things; a nation-wide campaign to that end is in order. There is an effective book with an effective title: The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. A sound treatise on The Moral Obligation to Be Grown Up should be a best seller; it will be so when readers in sufficient numbers forsake the tabloids and the comic strips and the childish immaturities that are perpetrated in the name of popularity, when editors as well as writers and readers grow up.

THE PHILOSOPHER: *Irwin Edman*

AT the conclusion of Back to Methuselah, Bernard Shaw has a group of "ancients of days" who look with serene and ironic contempt on the passions and distractions of those twenty-five-year-old children who would pass for adults in our short-lived civilization. One who looks back over the history of western thought is tempted to say that most philosophies of life have been written to still or to satisfy the passions of children rather than to clarify the minds of adults as to their own nature, and the nature of things. There have been a few truly adult philosophers of whom the classic instance is perhaps Spinoza. His canon of wisdom in life still remains the criterion by which one may distinguish grown-ups from babies who happen to be six feet tall. Wisdom for Spinoza consisted in a deliberate understanding of one's own nature with a clearly envisaged nature of things. Out of such an understanding comes wisdom and out of such wisdom comes peace.

What in our age would be the elements of an adult philosophy? A mature vision of life and conduct of it would in the first place have to surrender certain romantic illusions dear to the heart of intellectual children elaborately crying for the moon. A sobered philosopher would have to face the fact that the world exists quite independent of human understanding and desire, and that it is quite natural that the most extravagant extremes of human longing can never be fulfilled. He would have to abdicate the wistfulness of the adolescent that life be lived always at a high ecstatic tension. He would have to resign wistfulness for impossible hopes, and ideals irrelevant to things as they are in the world, or as human nature makes them possible.

Philosophy for adults, however, would not simply be the maturity of negation. It would certainly not be the childishness of cynicism or despair. There is a current form of sophistication that finds material for tears or satire in the discovery that ecstasy often has sex as its basis, or that a river is simply H_2O. Smartness has never been identical with wisdom, though the two have been identified in our own day. It is a symptom of adolescence to be seeing through the world always instead of looking at it candidly, objectively and serenely.

A truly adult character passes from the foolishness of indiscriminate rapture or yearning at the same time that he passes from the smartness of indiscriminate satire or abuse. Maturity is the attainment of Spinozistic peace, and that is possible even in the distractions of a singularly adolescent country and age. Such a peace demands perspective and perspective demands an historical sense. It is only the extremely young physically or spiritually who think or act as if the world began yesterday, or as if it were going to end tomorrow. Perhaps Shaw is right, and it would take at least three hundred years of life for an individual really to grow up; there are grown-ups at eighteen and infants at forty playing with the gew-gaws of the age.

Nor does being grown up mean the austere absence of passion, insusceptibility to rapture or an incapacity for pain. It does mean an ability to distribute rapture, passion, and pain over appropriate objects, to be ultimately, if not the master of one's fate, at least the calm presiding officer of one's soul. That it is possible to achieve this maturity, even in an infant civilization, Thoreau and Emerson proved nearly a hundred years ago.

THE POET: *Sarah N. Cleghorn*

I THINK a person begins to be grown up as soon as he begins to look after somebody who is younger than himself. The longer he does this, the more people he looks after, and the more delicate wisdom he develops in the task, the more grown up he becomes.

Under this criterion, of course, a great many children qualify as grown-ups. Elder children who take care of younger ones, children who responsibly take care of animals, and above all, those extraordinarily mature children who take care of irresponsible parents—those admirably tolerant, humorous and resourceful children, whom I think no adult onlooker can sufficiently admire—come within this category. Whereas to become responsible to group opinion (in school or family), to hold school offices, and begin to feel the pleasurable burdens of citizenship—all this, though it tends toward the grown-up state, scarcely reaches the state itself. I should call all this excellent social work a fostering condition for becoming grown up. To be actually a grown-up "in spirit and in truth," one must, I think, feel an acuter sense of care; must feel, as it were, flesh and blood arms (or paws) around his neck, and know the thrilling weight that some one else's life and happiness hangs upon one.

Everybody knows elderly persons, on the other hand, who have never even begun to grow up in this sense. Self-reliant they may be, admirably intelligent in all forms except what Ouspensky calls "the cognizing power of the emotions." They may hold important positions, financial or political. They may travel widely, read much, judge acutely, take part in imposing activities, so long as all these things are kept at arm's length from personal caring about other lives. Such ungrown-up persons even seem to have a special talent for arriving at high political positions, where they acquit themselves in a dignified and satisfactory manner—satisfactory, that is, so long as no one asks whether the death, sickness and poverty rates have fallen any lower during their incumbency, or the penal and charitable institutions become at all humanized.

Everybody, perhaps, of whom The Survey asks the question, Whom do you consider grown up? is under a temptation to insert his own special tenets in some form or other into his definition. I am endeavoring to resist such temptations as I feel; or I might insert hereabouts in my specifications a clause about respecting other people's freedom, and not becoming tyrannical or paternalistic in one's care of one's juniors. It seems to me that I have no right to insert

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BROTHER AND SISTER

The etching by Margery Ryerson gives point to Miss Cleghorn's belief that "a person begins to be grown up as soon as he begins to look after somebody who is younger than himself."

this or any other such clause. Some grown-ups are wiser than others; but I cannot feel at liberty to deny the title to the foolish, so long as they escape from the suicide of sentimentalism.

But there is one sort of person I must protest against including. I mean that lamentably frequent person who harps upon "his experience of life" (by which he always means a tarnishing experience) and who assumes that a merely longer strip of years forms the whole equipment of the grown-up. He is fluent at generalizing, and always preaches a leathery sort of philosophy to his juniors, foretelling that their enthusiasms will early wane; their rash crusades turn out quite amusingly futile, reminding them in and out of season that

Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-battered world uplifts its wall.

If this sort of thing is allowed to masquerade as the essence of grown-up life, no wonder grown-up life figures in a good deal of poetry and fiction under a wilted aspect of the second-best and the disillusioned; as if we were forever waving at the young a long, lanky linen duster, which they now find sharply responsive and alluringly important and mysteriously prophetic of wonder and bliss.

But what is this lack-luster view of mature life, if it is not just the adolescent view carried over; the ignorant, instinctive view which inexperience is apt to take of future change? In what does it differ from the untried notions of adult life held by the children themselves; by the less thoughtful, indeed, among them—those whose parents, absorbed in their own lives, have neglected to let them have any idea of how grown-up life feels, and how it continues to beckon forward at fifty as at twenty? Have we accepted this immature judgment as if it possessed some dogmatic power over us, and as if our experience were in honor bound to conform to it?

If this is what we have submitted to, can we really claim to be grown up? Haven't we managed somehow to escape graduating from high school?

Apart from these questions of exclusion, however, I think it is only reasonable to recognize different intensities of grown-upness. Children themselves do so, and with fairly unerring instinct prefer the more grown-up to the less. They like the confident grown-up better than the vacillating, and the one whose span of interest is long better than the one who can only hold on a little longer than themselves. They like the ranging conversation of the well grown-up, his versatility, his candor. Children of all ages are quickly charmed by these.

If into any group, of children or adults, there comes a personality of a certain inward brightness, he will act as a supermagnet upon every one. Some people there are who carry radiating about them some inexpressibly secure and general joy. In their contacts with others (most of whom are essentially their juniors) they display a carefree confidence in man and the unfathomable universe of which man is flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone. They are all the time realistically aware of life's ghastlier ingredients, and manfully intent on doing something to ameliorate them. In their total attitude these things quite illogically, yet warmly, frankly, successfully, combine into the firmly serene. Life has somehow widened for them into such a sense of manifoldness as pervades them through and through with the expectation of recreative power.

In the immature this expectation is very weak. The joy of the young is timorous, and wistfully convinced of its own brevity. Read the poems and themes young people write, and you will find that shadow falling often. It can

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indeed be discounted in part, as a literary mode perennial among young poets; but behind it there is a surprisingly solid conviction.

In the super-grown-up whom I am trying to describe, the joy of life has become very hardy. He has been much in the open of the spirit, and has found himself equal (humanly speaking) to life. He has found life forever miraculously refreshing itself at its own springs, returning again and again after December to May.

How can I symbolize this super-grown-up? Shall I say that by comparison with him the immature mind is like the philosopher's imaginary animal of one dimension, to whom life appears as a line, all its possibilities existing in exclusive pairs of narrow and precise definitions? Whereas to the wide-open contemplation of the super-grown-up, life has come to seem a radiating power like light, which moves at the same time in countless opposite directions?

Perhaps such a sense of life as this is impossible without a conviction that we are enclosed and sustained by some living boundlessness, which man has called by a thousand names, and which seems to answer to them all. Is this an age when it is harder to have this conviction than in the so-called ages of faith? Personally I think not. This does seem to be an age when, as Henry Adams says, science has become our religion. But in doing so, science seems to have become religious. It has become enthralled with the realization of the infinite. To read the new physics strikes the same awe into the heart as to read the old Bible. The super-grown-up, at all events, draws from his own times and place, I think, and not in spite of it, his honestly acquired mood of wonder and security.

THE SOCIAL WORKER: *Neva R. Deardorff*

MATURITY for a human being is the possession of a relatively large fund of integrated experience bearing on the issues of human life which are thought by his group to be fundamental.

That is our thesis! Now let us try to explain it! It will be noticed that we have chosen the field of mental life for special emphasis, though we realize that the underlying physical state of each individual probably determines his capacity to secure experience, and conditions the integration of it at the time and the reconditioning of it afterwards.

We would regard mental maturity not as a fixed attribute but one that takes its meaning from the comparison of the persons who constitute a group at a given time and in a given place. That is, we would not attempt to set up a series ranging from the more to the less mature, consisting of individuals chosen promiscuously from many different civilizations and cultural levels, or even from different periods of time, within a given group. If you doubt the wisdom of this limitation, try to compare the maturity—or immaturity—of your twenty-year-old great-grandmother in the frontier homestead with two babies and an infant industry to manage, with that of the college junior niece who has had a trip to Russia and the responsibility of managing a pair of fond and foolish parents. Each is competent and effective, but who can say which is more so? It might be possible, however, to take all of the individuals exposed to a given set of cultural influences at one time and to arrange them into such a series. In fact, we take it that in a vague fumbling way that is what communities are always trying to do with their members for purposes of securing leadership and direction. We are always rummaging around for "wise councillors," and "mature minds" whom, when found, we endow with duties and responsibilities.

Now we come to that terrible phrase, "a relatively large fund of integrated experience." "Relatively large" implies a comparison among individuals within a cultural group. Starting down from the top of the most experienced, how far may one go before he comes to those whose funds will not meet the definition? May we take imaginary refuge in a statistical concept—the mode? Could we say that, as to amount of experience, the most frequently recurring case might be regarded as the minimum acceptable as "large?" If one is to be regarded as experienced, his fund must be at least modal in amount—on the temporary assumption that the modal group has not had an absurdly small amount of experience as compared with that of those who have had most.

But what about the integration of experience? That is really for the psychologist to answer. But to a mere layman it relates to the spread and depth of the experience itself and the mental use of it later. Did the person "get" it at the time? Did it take roots in his mind and touch a considerable surface of his life, or was it merely ephemeral and casual, quickly forgotten because not really learned? Did the individual use his opportunity for experience or was it balked by some barrier within himself? Who of us hasn't had the makings of a lovely experience utterly ruined by homesickness, or anxiety or other unpleasant preoccupation? The "lovely experience" could not be integrated because it was not had, but what happened to the unpleasant experience? If we accepted it without reflection, it probably went to make up some kind of association or habit which operated the next time to make us shun the attempt to repeat the pleasant experience. If, however, we reflected on it and turned it over in our minds and examined it from various points of view, it may have helped us to avoid repeating the original mistake and may have egged us on to another effort. I take it that integration of experience has to do with getting a given experience into its right place in the organization of our minds.

What is left of that definition? Oh, yes, the experience, to be considered significant by one's group, must bear on the issues of human life which that group considers fundamental. That is, one cannot pick for himself from among possible experiences those which others adjudge of no moment and hope to be thought mature on the basis of the thoroughness with which one plumbs the depth of his choice and the systematic way in which he has handled his stock. People differ widely in opinion in what is significant. Usually they regard their own experience as having been vital and important. A graduate student once remarked that it hardly seemed necessary to consult the members of a faculty about the advisability of getting some practical experience before going on to a doctorate. Each one would advise doing what he had done and one could read that in the catalog!

Perhaps having once been a registrar of vital statistics, I will be accused of magnifying the importance of the office if I remark that some focal points of important experience seem to me to be birth, marriage and death—our own and other people's. One can hardly be called mature whose actual experience or close-up observation has not encompassed enough of each of these in some form or other to give him a grasp of their essential features, so far as we mortals can know them. The experience of a mature person would seem to require that he should have (*Continued on page* 68)

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Is Adult Art Modern Art?

By ROBERT HALLOWELL

Those who are so inclined can dispense with the reading of this article, if they will ponder and digest these two poems. They are by Susie Mellar, and are lifted with relish from the Pacific Coast Beacon-Herald.

A LOVER LOVES

A lover loves,
Ask him why he loves—
He'll tell you
Quick as that!

. . .

"Her brow is like the snowdrift,
"Her throat is like the swan,
"And her face . . ."

. . .

How many lovers have loved,
And, loving, have been sure
That what they loved and why
Was so very plainly nameable
That anybody, anywhere,
With eyes to see,
Could name it?

. . .

A lover loves
Because he loves
And, loving,
Makes the world go 'round.

TO AN INTERIOR DECORATOR

Pictures wrought by artist hands,
With love, are made to love.

. . .

I loved a picture once,
"But that's not Art," the Expert said,
"That's sentimental illustration,
"A work of art is organized,
"And third---or fourth---dimensional;
"It's architonic, if you like,
"With sense of form and interval,
"And rhythm and design,
"And many other qualities,
"Profound and intellectual."

. . .

I thought I loved that picture,
But then, of course,
Knowing nothing about Art,
I must have been mistaken.

. . .

The picture hangs in my room now!
But, downstairs,
We're all new ---and proper.*

THERE'S a suspicion abroad among the *cognoscenti* that if you like a picture there's something wrong with it. Beware, they say, of the art which you childishly enjoy because you see in it something you know, of the art that is merely a reflection of nature. Now, for my part, I cannot imagine any art fit for adult consideration that is not first of all a source of enjoyment. And if it is childish to enjoy that which we know and in which we are at home, then childish enjoyment would have to be my first specification for adult art. For I question whether it is possible genuinely to enjoy what we do not know. The unknown may awake in us curiosity, wonder, anticipation, or a dozen other emotions of a pleasurable variety. But enjoyment, no—not until we have mastered it, know it, are at home in it. When, of course, it is no longer unknown.

Indeed, Susie's attitude toward art—child-like, if you will—seems to me the truly adult attitude. How old is Susie? I don't know. But this I would guess, that she is young enough to be adult still with respect to pictures. Which suggests, what I have long suspected, that perhaps the best instructors in adultism all down the line are children. In art, at least, they know what they like, they are not ashamed of what they like, they have no fear of liking the wrong thing—and they do enjoy! Of such, it has been said, is the kingdom of heaven. Well, art, according to popular mythology, is somewhere up there too.

And maybe it is. (As a painter, I'd be the last to deny it house-room anywhere.) But not fake art, not the art that seeks to impress by conscious profundity, that sets up to be intellectual. At least, it is not intellectual in any ordinary sense of that word—in the sense that the sciences, for example, are intellectual, or medicine or engineering. It is not intellectual, creatively or appreciatively. For art is a child, and one has to become as a child to comprehend it. Art is the nearest that man, of himself, can come to creating himself in his own image. Says Elie Faure, in the biggest six words I have recently seen: "Painting begins where thinking leaves off." Painting may be barren if thinking does not precede it; it is certain to be lifeless if it is born of thinking alone.

Which is the case on both counts with academic art, and the solidest argument against it. And which will become the case with modern art as well, unless its teachers stop defining it in terms of formulae, and take the trouble to dig down to the roots of its motivating sources. It is one of the unfortunate characteristics of a scientific age that everything beautiful and potent in life, from Christmas and democracy to education and art, is capable under skilful enough academic hands of being embalmed—academicized. And this, as I was saying, is the chief trouble with academic art—namely, that it is academic. It is the result, in other words, of embalmed thinking (which is not really thinking at all), buried in dead rules dug out of dead men's originality.

To the degree that a painter succeeds in re-creating him-

*In sending their permission to reprint, the publishers enclosed a letter from Miss Mellar. It is too good to be true. "The last three lines of the second poem," she says, "ought really to be changed, because the picture is downstairs again. Make them read:

The picture is in our house still!
The Expert found it signed—
Utrillo."

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From the author's collection

SUMMER
John Marin

Color is so much of John Marin's work that to reproduce it in black and white is to lose most of its charm and freshness

self in his painting, is his work original. There was never, therefore, an original work of art that was not both personal and honest. But it does not follow that every work of art that is original is, therefore, revolutionary. There has been no man-sized revolution in painting since Impressionism, and that was revolutionary chiefly in the speed with which an obvious, historical tendency in painting was consummated. Even Cézanne, who opened more windows than any other artist of recent times, was implicit in Impressionism. What we have seen since are too many abortive revolutions founded on a mistaken notion of originality and its source.

Originality, as the reflection of significant personality, is the hall-mark of a work of art. Though it possess every virtue in the embalmer's calendar, if it is not original it is not a work of art. But lack of originality, derivativeness, is not the received objection of the modernist to academic art. That would be too dangerous. For too much modern art could and should be tarred with the same stick. No, the trouble with academic art, as Susie's Expert has it, is that it is not "organized," is lacking in "design," "rhythm," "significant form," and so on (impressive, intellectual embalmments, and true enough in their way too), and, especially, that it is "merely a reflection of nature."

Now, if it were a reflection of nature, as *seeing* and *whole* and *original,* as honest modern art is, it would be entitled to as much respect. For, to reflect nature is, believe me, to do a very, very big thing. It was the chief contribution and distinction of the Impressionists that they turned new eyes to nature, reflected nature in a new way. (*Pointillisme,* the divided palette, formlessness—these were merely their embalmments.) Out of the new attitude, came the discovery, first, that Nature is inimitable, and then that "Nature," as Anatole France put it, "is everything." And "everything" forthwith, became subject matter for the painter. Nature and human nature were seen to be aspects of the same thing, and man's nature, therefore, a true and integral part of the picture.

In the light of this discovery—or re-discovery, to be exact, for the principle of the thing is as old as history—many an academic shibboleth has come in for rude handling: "Good drawing," for example, which heretofore has meant accurate representation. Nature now being seen not merely as trees and grass and water and sky, but as something "inside" as well as "out," good drawing comes to be that kind of drawing which, *representational or not,* best synthesizes internal and external, subjective and objective nature. And the same holds for good color, line, form, composition, technique —good everything else. Indeed, that is as close as I can come to a brief definition of Modern Art: It is that art

(*Illustrations continued on page* 26; *text on page* 57)

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MONT SAINT-VICTOIRE
Paul Cézanne

" . . Mais si j'ai la moindre distraction, la moindre défaillance, surtout si j'interprète trop un jour, . . . si je pense en peignant, si j'interviens, patatras! tout fout le camp. L'artiste n'est qu'un réceptacle de sensations, un cerveau, un appareil enregistreur. Parbleu, un bon appareil, fragile, compliqué, . . . Mais, s'il intervient, s'il ose, lui, chétif, se mêler volontairement à ce qu'il doit traduire, il y infiltre sa petitesse, d'oeuvre, est inférieur."

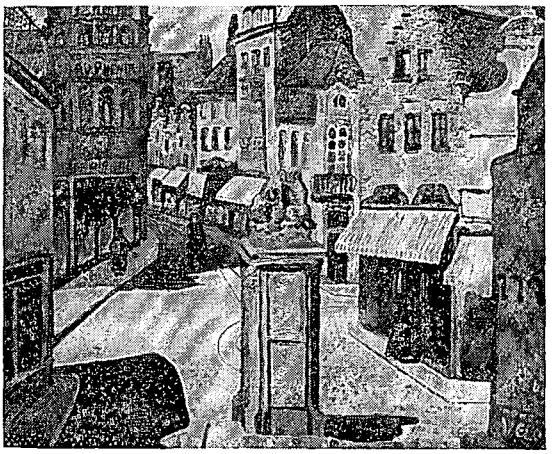
"If I think in the act of painting, if I intervene, bang! the whole thing goes flooey. . . . The artist is nothing more than a sounding board, an apparatus for registering sensations. A good apparatus, to be sure, fragile and complicated . . . . But if he himself gets in the way, if he dares voluntarily to meddle with what it is his business merely to translate, his own pettiness seeps in, and his work becomes inferior."—Cézanne.

Modern art — the synthesis of nature and human nature. Examples by three French painters, two Americans, one Italian-American (Canadé) and a Belgian.

PASTEL
Pierre-Auguste Renoir

From the author's collection

SELF PORTRAIT
Vincent Canadé



From the author's collection

A STREET IN BRUGHES
Cedric Morris

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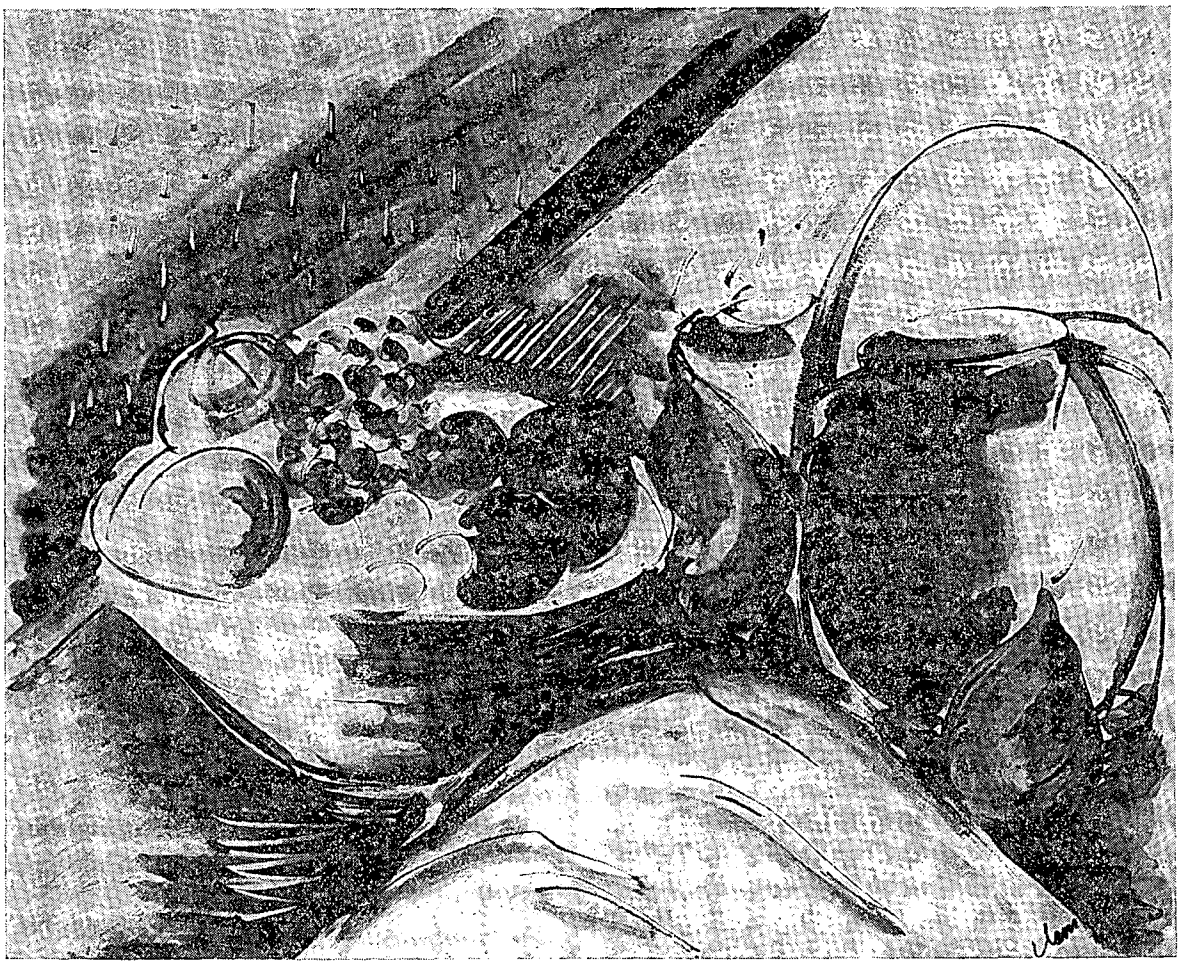
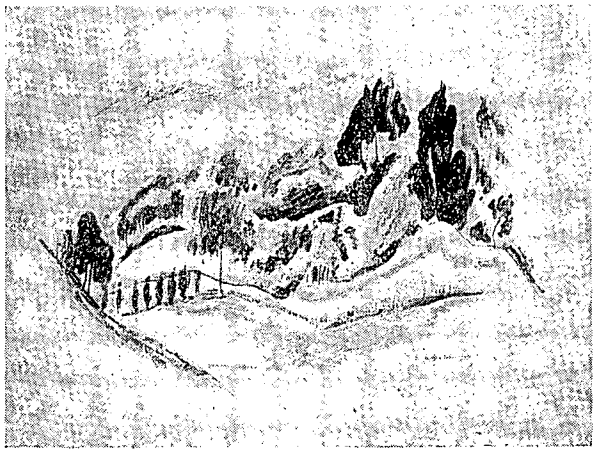


STILL LIFE
Maurice De Vlaminck

From the author's collection

"Painting," says Vlaminck, "is like cooking: one doesn't explain it, one tastes it."



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LANDSCAPE
Adolph Dehn

From the author's collection

HARBOR, MARSEILLES (1905)
Paul Signac

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When Is a Child Grown Up?

By HERMAN M. ADLER, M.D.

THE goal of childhood, it is plain, is to become adult. This may be only dimly realized by the child and even by the parents (who may not want to recognize it), but none the less the child progresses inevitably toward maturity—chronologically, physically, mentally and socially. There are certain fixed points in the development of the individual which constitute the criteria of adulthood. We recognize as a mature individual one who has reached the age of twenty-one years chronologically—the legal age of voting, or better still the age of twenty-five; who is sexually developed; who has a mentality sufficient for graduation from a grade school (or even less), an intelligence quotient of 67 to 80, according to the figures obtained from the draft army; and who is economically self-dependent and responsible in regard to social and legal transgressions.

The progress of the child toward the goal of adulthood is dependent upon two sets of factors, the constitutional and the acquired. Natural variation produces individual combinations which may be regarded as fixed, built into the organism. These determine the point beyond which the individual can never develop. To some people the idea of a constitutional limit to development is repugnant. They may find reassurances, however, in the consideration that the margin of safety provided by nature is such that an individual practically never reaches the limit of his potential capacity. The acquired elements are superimposed upon the constitutional and are manifested by habits of feeling, of thinking, and of social behavior. These are the result of the interplay of the individual with the external influences of the environment. It is obvious that since we cannot alter the constitutional elements, the emphasis placed upon acquired habits is of enormous significance. Moreover the habits of feeling, of thinking, and of social behavior which a child acquires will largely determine the degree to which he approaches to the full capacity of his constitutional make-up.

If we had exact knowledge of the percentage of maturity or adulthood which the average child can be expected to have achieved at various stages of its life such that we could plot a curve of development, we would then be able to test every child by this curve. We could ascertain at a glance whether a particular child at a certain age is as mature as we have a right to expect him to be. This curve would be an average of the various factors which contribute to maturity—chronological, physical, mental and social maturity. Failure to develop normally in any one of these lines would result in a depression of the curve, and conversely a depression of the curve would be a danger signal, an indication that the child is not receiving the proper attention in some line of which the parents are unaware.

We do not at present have all the facts which would enable us to plot this curve. We do, however, know from observation what the general nature of the curve is. We know that at the beginning of the child's life, development takes place very rapidly, so that the curve would rise sharply; that later on development takes place more slowly, so that often we are not aware of it, and that therefore the curve would tend to flatten off as adulthood is reached. Since development, theoretically at least, is never complete; the curve never becomes absolutely flat. In other words, the curve probably resembles a parabola, or a section of a parabola.

Let us suppose, then, for the sake of illustration, that the parabola represented in the chart is the curve of development of the **average** child, bearing in mind always that this is merely a schematic representation and that certainly at this stage we are not able to say definitely what the true curve is. The determination of the actual curve and its mathematical properties may follow later, but for our present purposes this graphic representation will serve to illustrate some significant items with regard to the development of the child. The horizontal axis of the curve represents years of age and the vertical axis percentage of maturity. The point at which an individual can be regarded as independent or self-dependent physically, mentally, and socially has varied at different stages in the history of the race. The tendency has been to raise the age level, so that whereas at one time a child was expected to have reached self-dependence at about the age of puberty (and of course this still applies in certain social classes), now our best judgment is that the child continues to need support up to the age of twenty-five. I have therefore taken this age as the one at which 100-per-cent maturity should be reached.

THE section of the curve in which we are particularly interested is that which represents the growth of the child from the moment of conception to the age of twenty-five. From it we are able to make some important observations concerning the rate of growth of the child and the value of constitutional and acquired elements, with all the implications regarding the changing relationship between the parents and the child.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the curve upon first consideration is the fact that there is a very rapid rise at the beginning, the portion representing the first months and years of the child's life, whereas at the other end the curve tends to flatten out, indicating that the nearer the individual comes to maturity the more slowly does development take place. If we think of the life of the child as being divided roughly into three periods, from birth (or even from conception) to six or seven years, the age of second dentition; from seven to fourteen years, the age of puberty; and from fourteen to twenty-one or twenty-five, when 100-per-cent maturity is reached, we see at a glance that a much greater rise occurs during the first period than during the second, and a greater rise during the second than during the third period. Thus according to our curve the child at the end of the first period has reached almost 55 per cent of maturity and at the end of the second

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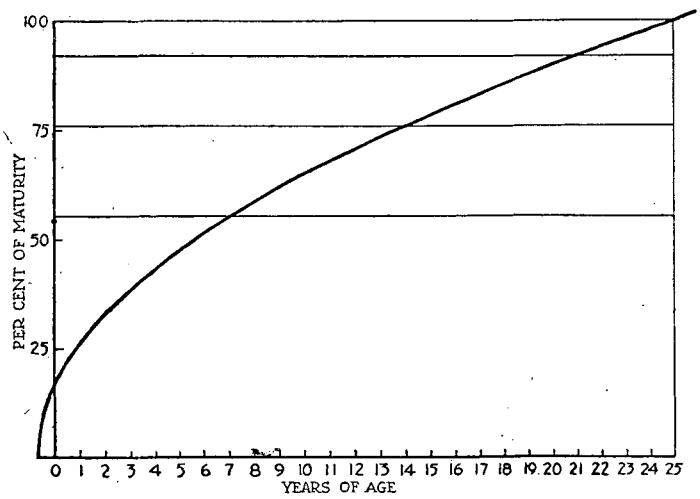
slightly more than seventy-five. We may think of these three periods as representing physical, mental and social growth.

During the first seven years the child makes great strides in physical development, so that from a helpless infant completely dependent on its parents it becomes a child able to walk and talk and feed and dress itself. From seven to fourteen the emphasis is on the mental side. The child goes to school and learns to read and write. In the last period the development is social—the individual learns to meet people and to react properly to social situations. Obviously the developments in each of these three fields are not sharply divided from each other but are continuous, from birth at least. It is merely a matter of shifting emphasis according to the age of the child.

These two points—the difference in degree and kind of development at different periods of the child's life—are of most significance when their bearing upon the parent-child relationship is considered. Throughout the life of the child the responsibility of the parents is to make up the discrepancy between the point the child has reached and the goal of maturity. As the child grows and gains strength and wisdom the contribution of the parents becomes less and less, so that when the age of maturity is reached it ceases altogether. The parents, especially the mother, stand always ready to supply for the child whatever it needs that it cannot supply itself. At the beginning of the curve this support is largely physical, as the emphasis is on the physical development of the child. Physical support is concrete and relatively easy to supply. As the child grows older the support must be more social and therefore more abstract and intangible. It becomes increasingly difficult for the parents to know whether they are supplying the right amount and kind of support.

At all times the contribution of the parents is of two kinds, active and passive. Both types are necessary. On the passive side the parents must refrain from interfering with the child's abilities and individuality. They must respect the child as a living individual person. This implies not aloofness or shirking of responsibility, but an attitude of confidence and encouragement towards the child and a willingness to give him as much responsibility as he can bear. Surround him with protection but within those limits give him freedom.



THE CURVE OF DEVELOPMENT

The curve of development indicates the degree of maturity which has been reached at any given time in a child's life. The point at which the curve crosses the vertical axis at the left indicates the moment of birth, the small steep portion of the curve to the left of this axis representing the months before birth. The horizontal lines show the difference in amount of development which takes places during the three periods—from the beginning of life to seven years, from seven years to fourteen years (the age of puberty), and from fourteen years to twenty-one or twenty-five (the age of 100 per cent maturity). It must be remembered that this curve is not mathematically correct as yet and that at best it represents probably only the general direction of the true curve. It is used purely for illustration.

ON the active side the parents must further the development of the child's abilities and strength. Stimulation to growth comes from without. Strength results from meeting and overcoming opposition, but the parents must so regulate the stimuli and opposition that the child will not be overwhelmed. It is as if they were a screen or a filter through which the stimuli from the outside world become modified and tempered to suit the child's strength. The object of the parents is not to bring up the child as in a sterilized glass tube—the hot-house variety—not to shelter it so completely that it will not become hardy, but on the contrary to allow it to come in contact with all the troubles and difficulties of life in such a manner that the dose of trouble is never too great or too frequent for its strength or resistance. Thus there are certain stimuli which if the child received them direct from the outside environment at the age of six would have a very harmful effect on him, but a few years later might not only not be harmful but might even be beneficial. Here the laws of immunity hold, Weigert's law as applied by Ehrlich, or the law of diminishing returns of the psychologist and the economist. The parents must help the child gradually to become familiar with all the dangers and harmful influences of the world so that by the time maturity is reached the child will be able to meet them without panicky fear.

The curve will help us to visualize this changing relationship. We may suppose that the environment is represented by the space above the horizontal line at 100 per cent and the space between that and the curve may be thought of as the filter provided by the parents, through which environmental stimuli must pass before they reach the child, or the degree of support which the parents must provide. As the curve rises and the child progresses toward maturity the degree to which the stimuli from the external world must be modified becomes less and less—that is, there is less and less interference on the part of the parents until at twenty-five years of age it ceases altogether.

It is a difficult matter for parents to determine exactly how much support a child needs at a particular time, and it is important for them to bear in mind the fact that not only is their influence bound to be a diminishing one but that the rate of diminution is not constant. They are apt to overlook, for example, the fact that there is an enormous difference between the four-year-old and the six-year-old child, forgetting that the six-year-old child is really much more than two years older than the four-year-old, and on the other hand that later on two years will mean much less change in development, so that the fifteen-year-old child may require little more support than the seventeen-year-old, and is entitled to little less freedom. The danger is usually that the parents supply too much support rather than too little. This may be due to the fact that they do not understand the situation, but often it is more deliberate.

The relationship of dependence is such a pleasant one that it is natural for parents to wish to have it prolonged. This is especially true with the mother. From the moment of conception to the moment when the infant emerges into the world as a human being (*Continued on page* 64)

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Marriages that Did and Didn't

A Story of Two Hundred Wives and Husbands

By MARY ROSS

"WHAT is there in your marriage that is especially unsatisfactory to you?"

With that as an opening wedge, Dr. G. V. Hamilton started in to explore the great adventure of adult life. It is the first of a long series of questions comprising his "objective analysis" of the experience of a hundred married women and a hundred married men, recently completed in New York City under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

Every effort was made to ensure the validity of scientific research. The questions—372 of them for the women who had been pregnant, 357 for other women, and 334 for the men—were typed on cards which were handed silently by the investigator to the subject, so that he or she could not be influenced by any differing shades of emphasis in the asking. The answers were taken down verbatim in private by Dr. Hamilton, and later transferred through a dictaphone to typewritten records, numbered according to a key which he alone knew, so that there could be no chance of identifying the speaker in the course of the later classifications and tabulations, which required, of course, assistance by other members of the research staff. Later these individual records were tabulated on punch cards, so that it would be possible to trace the patterns which seemed to have made for success or failure in the 145 marriages which were brought under this microscope. In 55 marriages both husband and wife were represented. Of the 100 women, 75 were mothers and the total number of their children was 161.

The subjects themselves were volunteers, who were interested in the study to the extent of offering to spend a considerable amount of time in answering candidly questions of the most searchingly personal nature. It took from two to thirty hours, according to the detail of the answers, to talk out the replies; the transcript of the whole record numbered 2,000,000 words. No pretense is made that it gives a general picture or a cross section of American experience or even of New Yorkers. The subjects came largely from successful business and professional groups, with a goodly sprinkling of the arts and sciences, representing an unusually high level of education and attainment. By the very degree of their interest in a scientific study of marriage and their willingness to explore their most intimate experience, they must be set off from a so-called "normal" group of married people. But except for two or three who were asked to withdraw because apparently they did not or could not answer truthfully, the response was given in obvious good faith, with intention to tell everything. In the midst of the world's preoccupation with the varieties and moralities of sexual experience, these answers constitute, insofar as is known, the first and only body of first-hand data on marriage collected according to a specialized technique of scientific research, under controlled conditions.

To that first question laid before these 200 wives and husbands—"What is there in your marriage that is especially unsatisfactory to you?"—39 men and 25 women answered "nothing." Two men and 11 women said "everything." The other replies were classified under sixty-seven headings! Sexual maladjustment in which either wife or husband was felt inadequate, or in which the "blame" was not placed, was mentioned by 36 men and 45 women; an unsatisfactory economic situation by 20 women and 8 men. Seventeen wives and 10 husbands found marriage irksome because of "unfreedom, limiting duties," and so on. Nineteen wives and 14 husbands cited the "fundamental personality defects" of their respective spouses as the chief cause of dissatisfaction, while the same number of women and 10 men mentioned "temperamental differences." Jealousy, extravagance, the management of children, received comparatively slight mention.

THUS a preponderating majority of each sex found marriage unsatisfactory in some degree. Yet an even larger proportion of both felt that the game was worth the candle, nevertheless. Three later questions put this in different ways:

Do you wish to go on living with your husband (or wife) because you love him (or her)? Yes, said 78 men and 75 women; no, 11 men and 15 women, while the remainder gave qualified or inconclusive replies.

If by some miracle you could press a button and find that you had never been married to your spouse, would you do so? No, said 66 husbands and 64 wives; yes, 14 of each, while 1 and 9 respectively were uncertain and the rest inconclusive.

Knowing what you now know, would you wish to marry if you were unmarried? Yes, 77 men and 74 women; yes, qualified, 5 men and 10 women; uncertain, 4 and 2; no, and no with qualifications, 11 men and 8 women.

One of the next leading questions stressed perhaps the clearest general showing of this study: that the women in this particular lot of New Yorkers were considerably more critical of marriage and more dissatisfied with it than the men. Each person was asked to describe the disposition of his or her particular spouse. Only 17 wives omitted mention of some unfortunate trait in their husbands, while the remaining 83 cited 266

THIS article is a summary of portions of Dr. G. V. Hamilton's scientific report, A Research in Marriage, which will be published for professional distribution in the fall. A popular presentation of the more generally interesting and significant facts and findings will appear in a series of articles to be published in the Woman's Home Companion, beginning with the issue of next July.

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undesirable characteristics. On the other hand, 29 men described their wives solely in complimentary terms, while the other 71 listed only 72 bad traits.

This distinction appeared more clearly in a "satisfaction grade" which Dr. Hamilton worked out to represent a synthesis of fourteen different questions which asked from one angle or another, for a general estimate of the success of the marriage involved. The highest rating on this basis was 14, registering a favorable answer to every question; the lowest, by contrary, 0. The study included 55 couples, whose answers could be directly compared since in the case of each they represented two estimates of the same situation. Among these the husbands' replies included 380 points on which they found satisfaction; those of the wives, 350.

EVEN the traditional grouch of American men against the propensities of their wives for gold-digging paled beside the corresponding criticism of the women. Eighty-seven men declared their wives "fair, sensible, or generous" in respect to money matters; only 66 women meted out corresponding praise; 4 husbands, but 17 wives, found that the other partner was extravagant, and 9 women declared their husbands stingy, unfair, or selfish. Another question varied this theme a little by asking "Is there friction between you on account of money?" Yes, said 4 men and 22 women, though a majority of each, 83 and 75 respectively, ruled out money as an important source of domestic disharmony by an unequivocal or qualified "no."

The importance of money in domestic life was tested in another way by comparing the "satisfaction" grades of people with the larger and the smaller incomes. For this purpose the subjects of the study were divided into arbitrary groups: all those who reported 10-14 points in satisfaction rated A; from 7-9, B, and so on. The subjects of the study were divided into two almost equal groups with male incomes above and below $5,000. Of the women whose husbands had the larger incomes, 54 per cent fell in the A-B satisfaction groups, as compared to 36 per cent of those with the smaller incomes. For the men with incomes above and below that level, the percentages were 52 per cent and 50 per cent. "This suggests," Dr. Hamilton commented, "that the marital satisfaction of the men of my study is much less dependent on the size of income than is that of the women."

AND apparently one's husband's money does more to keep a wife happy than does money earned by the wife herself. Fifty-five women were earning nothing at the time of the study; 35 had earned nothing since marriage. Slightly more than 62 per cent of the wives who earned nothing fell in the A-B group, while only 35 per cent of all the other women in the study reached this level of contentment. Similarly 61 per cent of the husbands whose wives earned nothing attained the higher rating in general satisfaction, as compared with 45 per cent of the husbands of wage-earning wives. "Of course this suggests the possibility that wage-earning by wives unfavorably affects the contentment of both spouses," declares Dr. Hamilton, "but alternative explanations must be considered here. A tendency to seek paid occupation outside the home may be symptomatic of an already existing dissatisfaction with the marriage, and such dissatisfaction might be due to a great variety of causes." A further analysis of marital economics showed that the wives who had no definite money allowance, and the husbands who gave none, found marriage appreciably more satisfactory, on this rating, than did the spouses whose income was definitely allocated. Among the 200 persons of this study, those who had saved money after marriage exhibited greater satisfaction with the marital situation as a whole than was experienced by those who lacked either opportunity or inclination to save, but here again it is impossible to determine which is cart and which is horse.

In a series of questions relating to "love affairs" from kindergarten upward, the sexes showed an almost precisely equal record. The 100 men reported 681; 97 women, 677. A higher percentage of both men and women who had less than 5 love affairs found marriage highly or fairly satisfactory than did those who recalled more than that number. Also the course of married life ran more smoothly for the men and women who had not experienced extra-marital love affairs than for those who had. Among the latter—those who had had them—31 per cent of the men and 27 per cent of the women reached the A-B satisfaction level; of those who had not, 59 and 61 per cent respectively. Here again, the moral is cloudy: Did the interest of these married people in persons outside the marriage bond affect matrimonial success unfavorably, or was such an interest the outcome of a relationship already flawed, the attempt to get elsewhere what marriage failed to provide?

TAKING the figures for merely what they are worth, the statement of the stories of a small group of people who cannot be considered as representative of general experience, it is interesting to notice that there seemed to be no correlation between marital success and the presence or absence of children; that the most successful marriages, according to these self-ratings, seemed to occur when the husband was the same age as the wife or, contrary to popular belief, when he was from one to three years younger (although there was an absolute failure in each of the few marriages in which the wife was the elder by as much as seven years); that the marriages of recent years had about the same proportion of successes and failures as those of the older members of the group; that, in respect to formal education, those who achieved the greatest satisfaction in marriage, both men and women, had not gone to college at all—while the least successful were those who had gone for a time but had not graduated; that relatives in the home, especially mothers-in-law, had quite as devastating an effect as popular tradition accords to them; and that business men and the wives of business men reported matrimonial success in considerably higher proportion than any of the other major vocational groups.

Among these other groups, engineering (11 men, and 12 wives of engineers of various sorts) showed a markedly low rating for both sexes. The one group with a record higher than that of the business group included 7 spouses, 6 men and 1 woman, in which the male partner's vocation was rated as "religious"; all of these attained the A-B satisfaction level. Perhaps, one might speculate, the business men—in general those with the higher incomes and the correlated record of satisfaction for both husband and wife—represented an adaptation to this age and its conditions which might in turn reflect a higher measure of personal integration and vitality.

In this study the elusive quality of personal integration was measured most clearly and objectively, perhaps, in the capacity to attain complete expression and release in sexual experience. That capacity, in turn, seemed to be a highly significant factor in determining (*Continued on page* 57)

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The Adult: His Work

By GEDDES SMITH

IN a recent first novel by a young American (Crude, by Robert Hyde) the twenty-four hours of the day are neatly catalogued:

> Life was short, now. It was divided into spaces of eight hours. Out of these three spaces you had to sell one in order to live the other two. Of the two you lived, the first was spent in sleep so you could live the last. The last space was divided into a thousand little demonstrations of life, of what is meant by living.

That is one current concept of a man's work: it is something foreign to life, less a part of living than is sleep.

From T. V. Smith's admirable study of The Democratic Way of Life, I borrow another current concept of work:

> Work is the omnipresent function of human life. Whatever quality of goodness in life we may particularly seek—whether liberty, equality, fraternity, or some more technical formulation—if the work at which a man earns his living does not contain it, we need not expect its appearance in any leisure that comes when his work-day is done.

Here are two poles between which we must seek some tenable attitude toward work: work is living; work is the irrelevant price we pay for living. The values of life lie in work; the values of life lie outside work. Like most opposites, both these propositions are probably true. But they can be reconciled and understood only in some clearer concept of maturity, for just as play is the distinctive function of childhood, work is the distinctive function of the adult.

It is a curious fact that we think one way about work and, mostly, feel another. Our orators celebrate the dignity of work. Artists fill our public buildings with symbolic figures of toil. We boast of our commercial and engineering achievements. Some of our serious thinkers question the wisdom of the eight-hour day because the ordinary man can't be trusted with leisure: work is his safety-valve and his salvation. Yet frankly, we don't like to work. Our stock-brokers and merchants have a cult of leisure. It is a thin and bloodless cult, and its ritual is sadly stereotyped, but it grows apace. We hang a busy sign on the office door, and study the time-table. We elevate to the dignity of a *de facto* aristocracy those who have accumulated or inherited enough money so that they need not work at all. We give lip-service to work, and hug our leisure.

WHEN a man thinks one way and feels another, contemporary psychology has a very useful suggestion to offer: Dig under the surface. Such inconsistencies usually point to conflicts—stresses and strains set up by opposing impulses—underneath. We want to work, and we want not to work. Why?

I suspect that one important reason for this conflict is that most of us most of the time do not really work at all; *we are worked.* I do not mean merely that we are, in terms of money and time and purpose, exploited, though this whole issue of The Survey might well be given to an exploration of the effect of our pyramid-profit system on the worker. Many of us have had the sense of futility that comes in a job where our life's-blood goes to coin profits for another man's pockets. The situation I am trying to describe is like that, but on a much deeper level of experience. We are worked by forces inside ourselves which we are too immature to control. Because we are not masters of ourselves we are not masters of our work; we whistle to keep our courage up, and turn our backs on it the minute we can.

It is dangerous business, I know, to express an opinion about something that lies below the surface of your neighbor's consciousness. Some of the people who seem to me least aware of their own reasons for doing what they do are loudest in their protestations that they understand themselves down to the ground. There are, however, certain assumptions about human behavior which are so widely supported by clinical evidence and which seem so plausible and natural that even a layman has perhaps the right to use them as premises for the interpretation of what he sees about him.

FREUD, Jung and Watson have all emphasized the enormous importance of what happens to us in infancy and childhood—the experiences and attitudes which taken together make up the typical family situation. Each of us has a father, or some substitute for a father, who gives us the experience of authority or fails to do so, and affects us profoundly in either case. Each of us has a mother, or some substitute for her. Normally we have from the mother protection, security, unasked love. If we receive them we are shaped by them; if not, we are none the less influenced by the lack of them. We have a child, or we catch from others a clue to the experience of having a child, and we form habits of protecting, controlling, or exploiting those weaker than we are. Each of these experiences, for good and sufficient biological reasons, is loaded with emotion. It may well be that these emotions which we begin to feel so early in life are among the most important components of the motive power with which we are, or should be, charged throughout life. For the human animal is rather like a storage-battery: He holds within himself, by gift of racial and individual experience, the energy he works with, and that energy is a matter of emotion far more than of thought.

But a storage-battery may be short-circuited, and when that happens the energy that it holds can't get out and do any work: It turns in upon itself and ultimately destroys itself. This happens to people when the flow of experience is blocked. The emotions have a life-process to go through. There is a time for subservience to the father's authority; there is a time for adolescent rebellion; there comes a time when both subservience and rebellion should be outgrown, when we should seize for ourselves the authority that the father has wielded and symbolized, and become responsible only to ourselves for what we are and do. There is a time for dependence on the mother; there comes a time when dependence on anything that has power to mother us becomes a crippling weakness. There is a time for protecting

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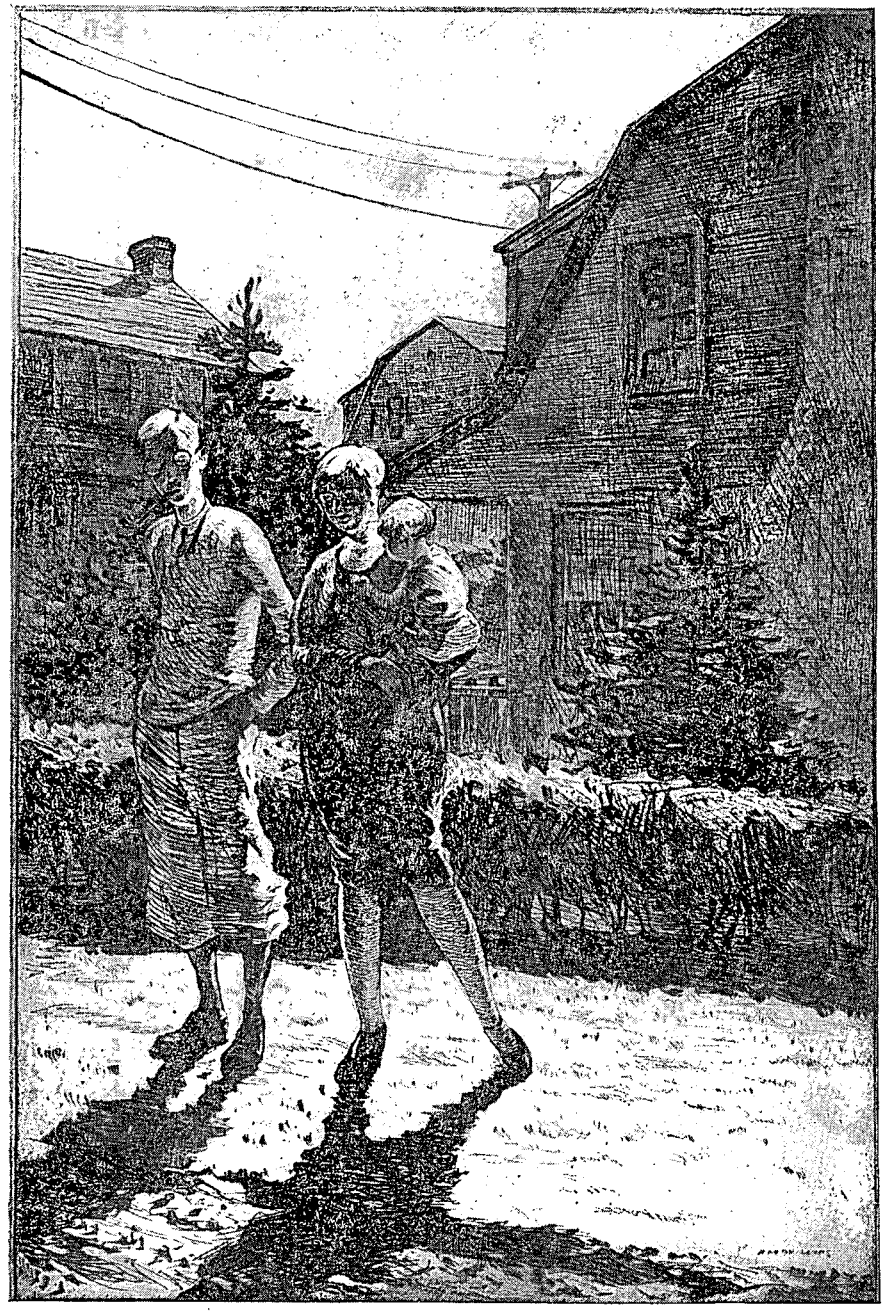
and controlling the child; there comes a time when we must give him his head or rob him of the power to grow. A man is mature when he has become his own father and his own mother, and stands ready to yield his child up to the full hazards of independence.

WE grow up physically, but it hurts to grow up emotionally. Many of us remain, in one aspect or all, childish, because being a child is easier than being an adult. The emotional attitudes appropriate to one stage of life linger beyond their appointed term. Then the biological impulse toward maturity and the throw-back to childhood get tangled; the clash of emotional forces confuses our perceptions; we are bogged in the *impasse* of wanting to grow up and wanting not to grow up. Our energy is short-circuited.

Now if this typical difficulty were confined to our relations with our actual fathers and mothers and children there would be no need to discuss it further in this connection. But—and here I must draw on psychological hypotheses with which the reader may or may not agree—we have an odd way of carrying our fathers and mothers and actual or putative children around with us, like the captain of H.M.S. Pinafore's cousins and his sisters and his aunts. We inject them—or the things they stand for—into all kinds of situations where they don't belong at all. This process, which goes technically by the name of projection, may be very roughly described as a subjective squint. Try to look a cross-eyed person in the eyes: It can't be done, and you wonder uneasily as he looks at you with one eye what he sees with the other. In some such way, more often than we suspect, we look cross-eyed at our jobs and our fellow-workers. We look at the boss, and we see a father. We look at the pay-envelope which means shelter and food, and we see a mother. We look at an employe, and we see a child. We look at a task, and we see ourselves in the mirror. And because of the ancient and deep-lying emotions which these images call up, we respond first to what we see with the off eye—not to what is really before us.

Take the omnipresent problem of authority. Suppose I am an employe who is only half grown-up; suppose I have never lived through the adolescent rebellion and still feel fear and resentment in the face of the father-authority. I find this authority in the boss. I am on the fence: if I fall off at one side into subservience I bruise my self-respect; if I fall off on the other side into rebellion I still bruise my self-respect, for in the long run my rebellion is futile: I have to come to terms. Suppose day after day presents this same nerve-wracking situation; is it likely that I shall find satisfaction in work?



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SUNDAY GARDEN INSPECTION

"If what he most deeply wants to do is to create that home, and if he is conscious of the relation between his desire and his job, he can find satisfaction in his work and it is creative."

What can I do about it? I can grow up. I can disentangle the father and the boss, and deal with the outside facts and my inside feelings as separate problems. I can say, "This man has authority, not over *me*, but over my work. I can get out from under his thumb and into working relationship with him. I can meet him half-way and more by conforming what I *do* to his wishes, without feeling crushed in what I *am*."

This is more, I think, than a mere success formula. It is a crude way of defining an inner attitude which, if it amounts to anything, must be intimately felt, and which must be ratified and supported by the whole personality. But the question of how we come to the attitudes of maturity is too far-reaching for this article.

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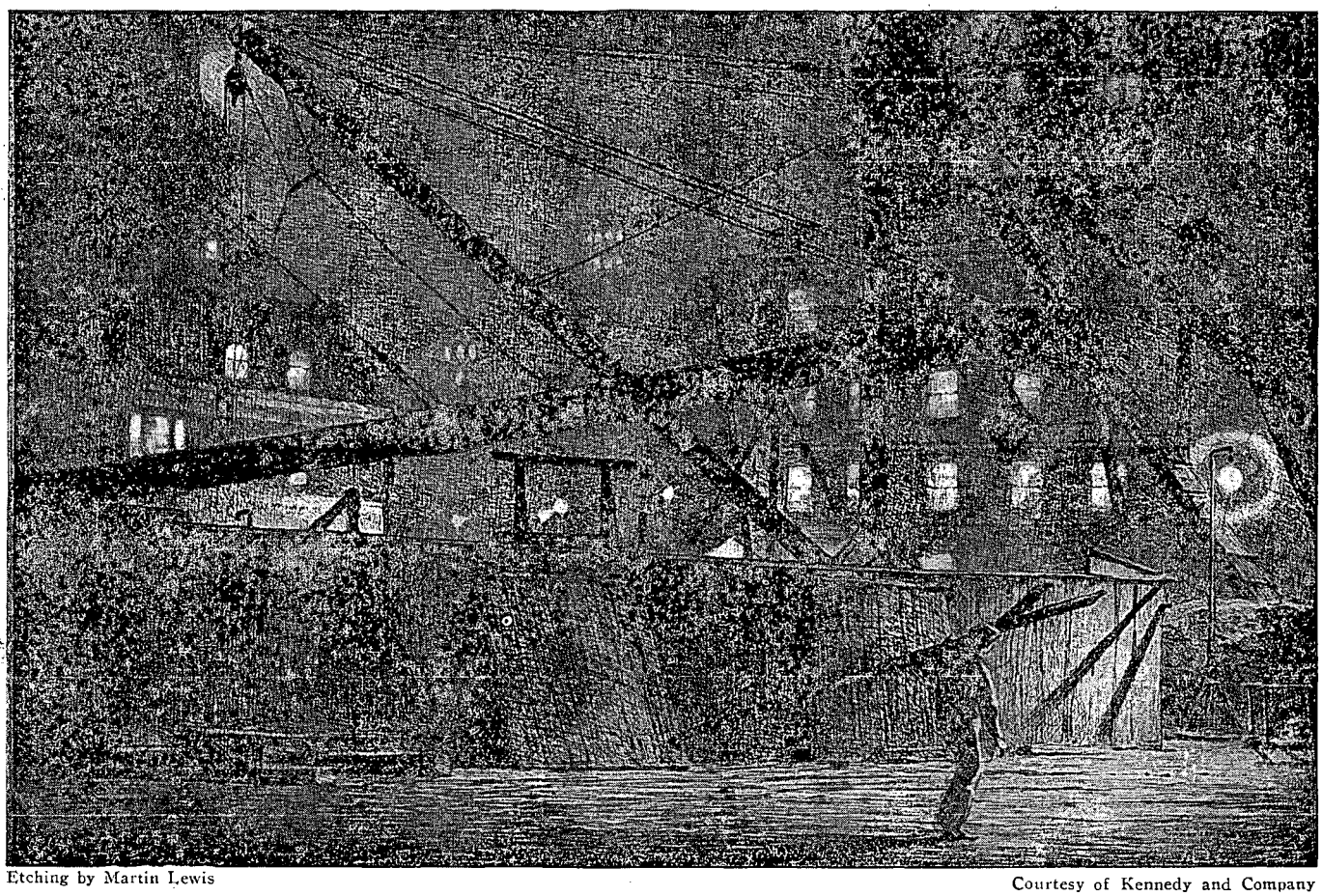

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DERRICKS AT NIGHT

"As work is organized in the modern world, relatively little of it will be at all times intrinsically appealing. Some of it will be brutally monotonous. Such reality cannot be balked, but we need not make faces at it."

There are many ways, and each of us must find his own.

Let us return to the question of authority and look at it from the other side. If immaturity in work-relationships were confined to underlings the problem would be much simplified, but for every childish attitude in the private there is likely to be another in the captain, and the child in one has an unholy way of calling out the child in the other. I am thinking not so much of the classic man-who-cannot-command-others-because-he-cannot-command-himself—the man in whom the voice of authority is perpetually changing for the good reason that he is still emotionally adolescent—as of the father-child relationship. Suppose I as boss am not sufficiently mature to be happy without the responses a child theoretically owes the father—unquestioning recognition of authority, and love (or "loyalty") in exchange for protection. Put me in charge of a force of workers, and I cannot be trusted not to demand these responses from them. The experience of directing other people is strong drink; it warms the ego and puffs up one's sense of power. It is easy to slip into either of two alternatives: on the one hand, using that power as an end in itself, becoming a little Mussolini in whatever station God has called us to; or, on the other, using authority as a means of buying gratitude, becoming what we accurately call paternalistic, interfering with the lives of less important people "for their own good."

Here, I suspect, is a clue to industrial unrest that deserves study quite as much as the more familiar economic motives. What makes the Interborough in New York, and hundreds of other well-intrenched corporations, fight the free unionization of their men? Partly because the "company union" is easier to handle in a way that looks well on the balance-sheet, but partly too because it seems right and proper to the general manager that the whole crew should be a happy family, with father looking out for the bills and nobody else worrying. What causes the angry resentment of a Passaic mill-owner or a soft-coal mine operator when his employes presume to take a hand in the solution of the desperate situation in which they find themselves? What, on the other hand, is the Marxian dogma of inevitable industrial conflict but a bitter rationalization of the workers' revolt against paternal domination and exploitation? Perhaps the most significant change in industrial relations in our generation is the rise of some unions, such as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, to the stature of adult collaborators with capital, and the acceptance by their employers of the new relationship.

I have given space to discussing the father-child tension because it is so common and at the same time so simple in its broad psychological implications. I must hurry over some of the subtler forces that, until we become adult, work us and so spoil our work. There is for example the yearning to be mothered, which may generate the fear of losing the job, which condones our failures and shapes our excuses for them, which keeps alive a hunger for "appreciation," and seeks the familiar shoulder-to-weep-on. Countless variations of an immature adjustment to sex have power to rob us of work-satisfaction. (*Continued on page* 63)

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The Teachable Age

Some Evidences from a Study by E. L. Thorndike

"IN general, nobody under forty-five should restrain himself from trying to learn anything because of a belief or fear that he is too old to be able to learn it. Nor should he use that fear as an excuse for not learning anything which he ought to learn. If he fails in learning it, inability due directly to age will very rarely, if ever, be the reason."

Thus in the final chapter of his forthcoming book E. L. Thorndike, professor of psychology at Teachers' College, Columbia University, sums up the evidence of the first extensive and systematic inquiry as to whether infancy, childhood and adolescence have an advantage over the adult years in the ability to learn. That volume, Adult Education, sponsored by the American Association for Adult Education, marshalls in detail the findings of past studies and of new and elaborate research by the author and his associates. The excerpts comprised in this article are published in advance of the book by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

Although psychology has offered no generally accepted account of the effect of age on ability to learn, there were many existing facts on learning by adults, measured in experiments such as the improving ability to toss shot into a glass, or to refrain from winking when a rubber hammer struck a glass plate in front of the eye, in writing shorthand, memorizing, or arithmetical problems. "Summaries or samples," commented Professor Thorndike, after reviewing these in detail, "demonstrate that the adults in question made large amounts of improvements and made them at rapid rates in all sorts of mental operations—in simple sensorimotor abilities, in observing details, in simple association or habit formation, in learning elaborate systems of motor and mental habits, in memorizing (save when that ability has been already brought to a rather high status), and in other still more complex functions which have been tested."

Furthermore, a study of existing data assembled by various scientific students of the comparative abilities of old and young in learning of various kinds—throwing basketball goals, for example, or acquiring skill in archery, or forming simple habits by the sorting of cards, or learning mathematical games or matters which require a mixture of reasoning and memory, disclosed in general that the differences between young and old were small in comparison with the differences within each group. "On the whole, if we did have to estimate on the basis of this chapter's reports, we should estimate adult ability as very close to that of the late 'teens."

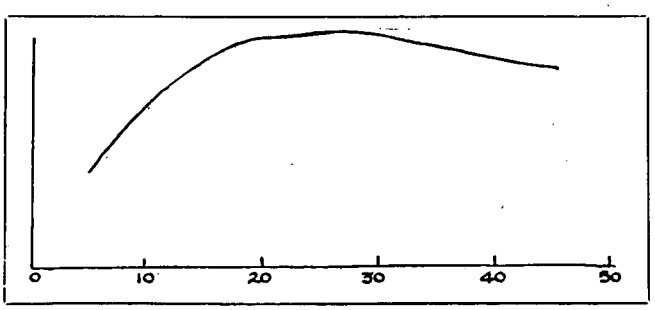
Obviously the pre-existing facts needed to be checked by larger and more specific data on the comparative learning of young people and their elders if the relation of age to learning was to be measured with any degree of precision, and with this aim Professor Thorndike and his associates conducted three extensive series of experiments covering long periods of learning. One concerned learning to read, write, compute, and form certain simple habits in the case of adult prisoners, covering a range of intellect from near the average to very low levels. A second concerned the learning of typical high school subjects, such as algebra, English, civics, and biology by adult pupils in public evening high schools, covering a range of near average to very high levels. The third, also drawing on pupils of average or high intelligence, reported the learning of typewriting and stenography by adults in secretarial schools. The investigation also included intensive experiments in learning to write with the left hand, to typewrite, and to understand the artificial language Esperanto.

Thus six grown-ups who had always written with the right hand undertook to learn to write with the left; two left-handed persons tried their right. This was the upshot, carefully measured in terms of the Thorndike Handwriting Scale:

"Somehow the adult starts in writing with the wrong hand with nearly as great facility as the child of eight or nine has in writing with the right hand, after two years of schooling. . . . In general, the gain of these eight adults from less than sixteen hours of practice was greater than the gain proposed by experts as suitable to be accomplished by children using the right hand in two years of growth and schooling, including one hundred or more hours of special practice in handwriting. . . . Any group of individuals of capacity for sensorimotor learning equal to the capacity of our group of eight, should then be able to learn new trades, new features of a trade, new games of skill, and the like, with a degree of success comparable to that observed in this experiment."

In the experiment in the learning of typewriting by four adults, the two older subjects did better than the younger. The superiority of their gain was due partly to a superiority in intelligence.

Esperanto was chosen for the third experiment "because it represents the learning of a coherent, consistent, intellectual, logical system, and whatever is true of learning it may be expected to be applicable in large measure to the learning of other highly systematic and intellectual things, such as Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian and other languages; algebra,



ABILITY TO LEARN

"The ages 25 to 45 are superior to childhood and equal or superior to early adolescence in general ability to learn."

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trigonometry, calculus and other features of mathematics; physics, chemistry, astronomy, and other physical sciences; botany, physiology, economics, psychology, sociology, education, and other biological and social studies, insofar as these can be learned as systematic organized facts and principles." The results of this test indicated that "the difference between age 22 and age 40 in ability to learn a logical systemic language is small, and is confined largely to the oral test. Assuming that the units of our tests correspond roughly with truly equal steps of difference in knowledge of Esperanto, ability to learn falls off about 20 per cent from age 22 to age 42, or about one part in a hundred per year.

"WITH the aid of data furnished by the courtesy of the International Auxiliary Language Association we were able to compare the ability of adults to learn Esperanto with the ability of children of 14 to 18 and of still younger children. Pupils 19 to 18 years old in a good private school, having over twice as much class study as the group 35 years old and over (and more than twice as much home study, if they did not shirk their assignments), gained little more than half as much. Younger groups of ages around 9 and 11 show still slower rates of gain, despite the fact that in one group they were children of exceptionally high intelligence. The facts are in flat contradiction to the doctrine that childhood is the period for easiest learning to read, write, or understand the hearing of a language, and that the early teens are the period next most advantageous. Exactitude in pronunciation was not tested in our experiments. It is probable that the superiority of adults would be somewhat less in learning a natural language, abounding in irregularities which must be mastered largely by sheer habituation. But we are convinced that the gain made in fifty or a hundred or five hundred hours of study of French or German or Italian or Spanish or Latin by a group of any age from 20 to 40 will be greater than the gain made by a group aged 8 or 10 or 12 of equal native capacity."

The study of the learning of prisoners covered records in reading, spelling, vocabulary and other school subjects of 283 men enrolled in the school at Sing Sing for one or more terms. These records were compared with the time required by school children to make like progress.

"The men made on the average 82 per cent of the gain which children make during the same months of schooling. The children, however, had four times as long a school day and spent more hours on reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic during nine months than these adults did during eleven. Moreover, the norms stating the gains of children are for children of average intellect, while these adults were in general below average intellect. So it seems certain that these adults learned these school subjects more rapidly than they would have learned them at the age of ten or twelve. . . . On the whole the results with these adult men of low level of intellect support the conclusions that the curve of ability to learn in relation to age from 22 to 42 is a very slow decline and is no greater for inferior intelligence than for superior."

The study of students in the public evening schools covered 886 pupils from 14 years of age to 30 and over who were taking one or more of the usual secondary subjects. Their records showed: "The pupils of age 30 or over gain decidedly more than those of age 14 to 16, a little more than those of age 17 to 19, the same as those of age 25 to 29, and less than those of age 20 to 24. Unfortunately there are only 17 in the group aged 30 or over." These records were corrected for differences in intelligence score, attendance and home study, with little change in the results shown by the school records alone. Taking those who gained most—the students aged 20 to 24—as the standard, the "ability to learn" as measured in this corrected reading is:

59 for age 14 to 16 years.
85 for age 17 to 19 years.
100 for age 20 to 24 years.
89 for age 25 to 29 years.
87 for age 30 years or over.

A careful study of students in professional schools of shorthand and typewriting showed no demonstrable difference between the two groups aged 17-19 and 20-24, while those of more than 24 learned almost as well as the younger.

Among a number of corroborative studies there was an analysis of the grades of 465 candidates for the M.A. degree at Teachers' College, divided by age into groups 20-29, 30-39, and 40-49. The median grades obtained by the first two were the same, .32; that of the forty-year-olders, .41. "The essential result is that the older ages do a little better. . . . After 50 there is a drop, but the number of cases is scant at these late ages, so that the exact amount of the drop is not certain."

IN one experiment to test "sheer modifiability" or plasticity, the younger people studied were clearly the superior. In this, 24 subjects, 12 of them averaging about 22, the other twelve about 42, were blindfolded, and told to draw lines of specified lengths in one quick jerk of a pencil. They never saw the lines they drew. First there were 600 trials on which no verdict was given by the experimenter; then 600 on each of seven days, on which he replied "right" or "wrong"; then after a lapse of days, another 600 without comment. Through all the trials, the younger were clearly the superior. Another experiment with a code of letters seemed to verify this result. Considering these findings in relation to his other studies, Professor Thorndike concludes:

"The general tendency from all our experiments is for an inferiority [in learning ability] of about 15 per cent as a result of 20 years from 22 on. Learning representing an approximation of sheer modifiability unaided by past learning shows considerably more inferiority than this. Actual learning of such things as adults commonly have to learn shows considerably less."

In addition to the *facts* disclosed by experimental observation, Professor Thorndike also recorded the opinions of nearly a hundred grown-ups aged from 20 to 40 and over on their experience in learning of many varieties at various ages—on learning to dance or skate or play the piano; to like olives, spinach, tomatoes or raw oysters; to speak in public or play chess; and likewise their changes in attitude or opinion toward unpleasant things, such as thunderstorms or snakes, and toward political, religious and social views.

"In general the testimony of this group indicates (1) that almost anything is learnable at any time up to fifty, (2)

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that the experience of these individuals leads them to expect more difficulty in learning from forty on than from thirty to thirty-nine, except with making and breaking food habits, (3) that the difficulty expected from 30 up to 40 is no greater than for childhood or adolescent years in the case of intellectual acquisition pure and simple, and (4) that, in general, age seems to them to influence the power of intellectual acquisition very much less tran it influences motor skill. There is evidence also that (5) the difficulty expected in learning at late age is in part due to a sensitiveness to ridicule, adverse comment, and undesired attention, so that if it were customary for mature and old people to learn to swim and ride bicycles and speak German, the difficulty might diminish.

"None of the expected differences in difficulty are of very great magnitude. The greatest is for swimming, skating, and dancing, and even for them a substantial minority consider that it would be as easy or easier for them to learn at 40 or over as it was at the time of learning. If the absolute differences were very great there would be unanimity concerning the direction of the difference.

"The real differences are probably in most cases less than the expected, for the following reasons: These individuals, who surveyed their learning in retrospect, probably underestimated the amount of time spent in the water or on the ice, etc., etc., in childhood's learning. They probably confuse interest in learning with ability to learn to some extent. So far as they were prejudiced at all, they were probably prejudiced in favor of the orthodox doctrine that, after adolescence, each year in some mysterious way weakens the power to learn.

"The facts reported in this chapter seem to us to show that adults learn much less than they might, partly because they underestimate their power of learning, and partly because of unpleasant attention and comment. The facts are also in harmony with the assumption that adults learn less than they might because they do not care enough about learning. There is nothing in the testimony that need weaken our conclusions, previously made from the experimental results."

In a chapter tracing the causes of age-changes in learning ability, Professor Thorndike cites as possible factors capacity, inner growth, the degenerative effect of age, training and the action of disuse upon ability to learn. Important among these is inner growth or development. Though this probably varies for different abilities, "its general mode or average seems from our results to be somewhere near 20, though psychologists in general would probably be inclined to set it somewhat earlier." "Consequently we can assert with reasonable surety that the fact of inner growth favors adults in comparison with children. Unless it is counterbalanced by factors acting in the opposite direction, inner growth gives the person from 25 to 45 as good an ability to learn as he had from 20 to 25, a better ability than he had from 15 to 20, and a much better ability than he had from 5 to 15."

OF the degenerative effects of age, little is known, "though there can be but little doubt that at some time between 20 and 90 the inner developmental forces which make the ability to learn give way in most persons to other inner influences which make it wane." The influence of training "should (with occasional exceptions due to the formation of bad habits) cause an increase in the ability to learn with age, so long as each year of age brings training with it." Disuse—the failure to keep on learning—might, on the other hand, favor a decrease in the ability to learn.

"If, then, a man ceased at 30 to learn, he would, other things being equal, lose gradually such gains in ability to learn as he had acquired by school or other training in learning before 20. Even if there was no natural process of fall in the power to learn, corresponding to its rise in childhood and adolescence, a man might yet lose the power to learn for the same reason that he loses the names of early teachers, or the facts of algebra or Latin."

"On the whole, the facts about age changes in general, age changes in animal learning, and our results with man justify a rather vigorous skepticism concerning inner degeneration as the *sole* cause of the drop in learning power from 22 to 45. Disuse has substantial claims to some recognition. The decline is then not only small in amount, it is also probably in part avoidable by the simple expedient of continuing to learn. Adult learning is itself probably a partial preventive or cure for adult inability to learn."

"WE have shown that the decline from the acme of ability to learn (located probably at some point between 20 to 25) to about 42 is only about 13 to 15 per cent for a representative group of abilities; and that ages 25 to 45 are superior to childhood, and equal or superior to early adolescence (14-18) in general ability to learn."

In the way of learning as well as in the capacity to learn, comparatively little difference between young and old was apparent in another group of experiments designed to test such characteristics of the learning process as memory, thinking and reasoning, and carelessness and impulsiveness at different ages. "We may, in general plans for adult education, figure on a slight age loss in intelligence from 22 to 42, such as was found in the case of strength, speed, and skill. . . . Individual differences amongst those of the same age will enormously outweigh differences between ages in adult intelligence. . . . The present indications are that memory loss from disuse is a little greater in the later than in the earlier adult years. . . . The net result from three lines of evidence seems to be that the older manifest little more caution and care in intellectual operations than the young adults or adolescents."

"Such few age differences as do appear are usually explainable as the products of special experiences associated with age rather than as products or symptoms of a general inner change in the mind's ways of working. If we had a hundred boys of 16 and a hundred men of 36 study algebra or French or history or civics for a year and had a record of the thinking of each individual in doing so, I very much doubt whether we could do much better than guess at which was young thinking and which was old thinking, except for references to special adult experiences or signs of special interests. In their experiences, interests, and motives adults obviously differ from adolescents, but in the nature of the learning process they are substantially alike, so far as we can see. Our studies of the matter are, however, subject to the limitations of our abilities and facilities; and they should be checked by other observers with other materials. If they are verified, we may conclude that the general laws of learning are substantially the same from fifteen to fifty."

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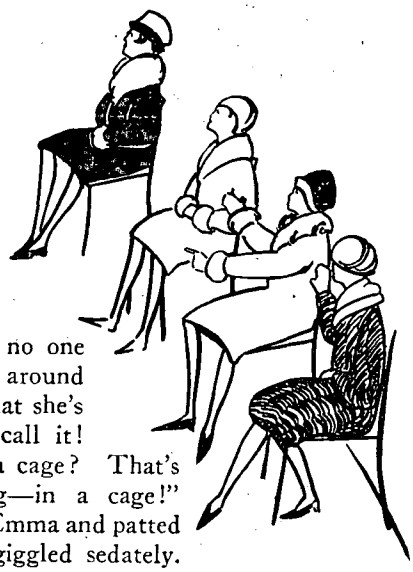
Mother's Day

By ELEANOR R. WEMBRIDGE

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps



THE four girls were undeniably good-looking, but hardly of impartial mind or judicial temper. Far from it. They sat in a row, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five, all very handsome, and all very angry. They were wrapped in fur coats to fashion which innumerable rabbits and small rodents had been sacrificed. Four platinum wedding rings adorned their hands. They made a formidable array of youth, vigor, brave drapery, and red rage.

Emma, the oldest and relatively the mildest in temper, sat at the end in gray squirrel, her jaw set, but her blue eyes not quite so snapping as the black ones of Rose, the firebrand next her, who evidently was the commanding line officer, while Emma was chief of staff. Elsie was similar to Rose in temperament, when Rose gave her a chance to show it, while Gert was scarcely more than a gay shy school-girl. The latter's coat was the least expensive, for naturally the bank account of Gert and George was seven years behind that of Emma and Neil. The sisters represented not only steps of age, but an increasing scale of expenditure upon their persons, up to Emma, a model of serene elegance.

"We may as well hurry this thing up," snapped Rose. "I got all kinds of work waiting for me. And I shan't come again. It sounds so good in an office to ask to get off because your sister's pinched! I'm about through." She threw up her chin and tapped the floor with her neatly buckled slipper.

"We've talked it over and decided that I'd better take her," suggested Emma more quietly. "But they got to let *me* alone. I just can't bother with her unless I have complete charge. I'm too nervous to put up with interference, and Neil wouldn't stand for it either."

Elsie shrugged her shoulders. "Neil is one saint, I'll say. Luke wouldn't bother with her at all, and I don't mind saying so. He says Ma wouldn't keep out, and you know she won't. She likes butting in too well."

"Nobody's asking Luke to take her," retorted Rose. "Em is the only one she'll listen to, Em or me. But I'm away all day and so are you. There is no one but Em who can stick around at home and watch what she's up to. Great job, I call it! Why not put her in a cage? That's where monkeys belong—in a cage!"

"Sh—Sh," warned Emma and patted her arm, while Gert giggled sedately.

"If that is what you've decided, we may as well have them in and tell them so," ventured the Court. "Whom shall we have first?"

The girls conferred in whispers, then Rose announced, "Leave the kid till last. There is no use giving her the satisfaction of listening in. She'll have to do what we say or get locked up. Let's see the others and get it over with" —at which the bailiff stuck his head out of the door and shouted "Glukens!"

At the sound of this proclamation, the gaze of the four girls became rigidly directed to the ceiling. They scorned to glance at anything so base as the elder Glukenses who presently hesitated upon the threshold, peering in. The newcomers tried unsuccessfully to catch the stony eyes of the girls, which shot past them as if they were not there. Failing in this, they sought two chairs on which they sat in some discomfiture.

Mrs. Glukens was large, vigorous and sharp-eyed. Heading her line of daughters like a huge engine attached to smaller but trimmer cars, she wore the same expression on her face that such an engine might be supposed to exhibit, if the train had suddenly reversed and were dragging the engine protestingly toward the rear. Imagine a steer in full chase hauled back by his tail; a Fourth of July enthusiast whose Roman candles are suddenly shooting out of the wrong end; a cautious gardener whose hose has unexpectedly twisted and doused him in the face, and you have Mrs. Glukens, a defendant before the bar of four daughters whom she had scolded and spanked, deprived of their pay, their beaux, their morning sleep and their evening entertainment, for twenty years of glorious dictatorship. She had made them do anything on earth, and now she could not even make them look at her.

Plump little Maisie shot into the room as if she had had her ear to the door

As for Mr. Glukens, he was merely the legal background, the supposed head of the house. A thin, elderly man, he occupied a

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chair of necessity. But he had long since ceased to do anything else. The engine had pulled him backwards and sideways, had switched him on to so many tracks for so many years, that he was used to it. It was no shock to him to be in court. In fact, there lingered in his eyes a sly enjoyment of the scene. Let the battle of the ladies go on. There might be much worse entertainment.

"We have decided," we of the Court announced gently to Mrs. Glukens, "that since you do not seem able to manage Maisie, she shall live with Emma for a while. Perhaps Emma can do something with her."

Mrs. Glukens' small eyes blazed. They fairly started from her head.

"You say Emma can manage her when I can't," she snorted in amazement. "Manage *my* daughter? She shall *not* go to Emma's. She shall come home to me."

The eight cold eyes continued to gaze at the moulding. Mr. Glukens twisted slightly in his chair and peered up with some curiosity to discover what his girls found so interesting about the northeast corner of the room.

"I rather think it is all settled," we went on. "It seems to be the only way out—that or an institution."

"But I have brought up four girls. Don't I know how by this time?" demanded Mrs. Glukens fiercely, whereat all the eyes froze more contemptuously.

"Like hell you know," snorted Rose, nudged warningly by Emma. "Well, you brought us up yourself, Em. You know you did," went on Rose. "What did *she* have to do with it, but nearly drive us all where Maisie is now? If Em had been at home like she was when *we* were kids, this wouldn't have happened," she protested, accompanied by a vigorous nodding of assent from the two younger girls. "But she's so darned stubborn, so sure she's right even when there's no sense to it. She's got nothing else to do, now we're gone, but razz Maisie. Why don't she get a dog? There's not so much harm if you spoil a hound. You can shoot him. But you can't shoot Maisie any more than you could shoot us. Poor kid. Many is the time I wanted a bullet in my head, if only I could 'a got in one good shot first."

"Rose, you shouldn't talk like that," reiterated Emma, shaking her arm. "Rose don't mean it," she explained. "But the trouble is she talks too much, just like my mother does. It wears me out. It's like I say. I will take Maisie, but Ma has got to keep away. I can make Rose shut up. But my nerves won't stand handling Ma. I've served my time on that."

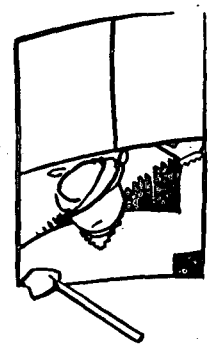
Ma turned to glare, but it is hard to glare at graven images. With an extraordinary adroitness of ocular speed, the girls throughout the interview succeeded in avoiding the eyes of either parent, a feat in which their father assisted them but which their mother continually tried to circumvent.

"Ma drove her to it. That's the amount of it," persisted Rose. "Of course, Maisie is the biggest fool in five states. But Ma can't be contented till she makes her worse. It seems like Ma sics her on like a big dog a little one, so she can get something on her, and then have an excuse to make a scene."

"Drive her to it? What did I drive her to?" demanded Mrs. Glukens of the family and of the world at large.

Gert whispered to Elsie, Elsie passed it on to Rose, who looked incredulous, and whispered to Emma. Emma explained, "The girls say they don't think Ma knows really what Maisie did this time. I don't guess any one told her. I'm sure I didn't and it's a cinch Maisie wouldn't."

"Tell her and watch her rave. She thinks she's so good bringing up girls. Let's give her an earful," suggested Rose charitably, and she sniffed in high disdain.



Heinie had to hunt the fish-pole under the porch and tap three times on her bedroom window

"Maisie may as well tell it herself her own way," we suggested.

Whereat the bailiff stuck his head out of another door and again roared, "Glukens."

At this invitation, a plump and pleasing little person shot into the room as if she had been listening at the keyhole. If she hadn't, she had wanted to, for what girl of sixteen could bear sitting outside while six members of her family were talking about her behind closed doors? She was pretty, like all of them, and apparently combined the high spirits of one side of the family with the quiet malice of her father, who enjoyed a family row.

Maisie, of course, had not arrived at the fur coat stage, but was dressed in the garment which Gertie had discarded when she acquired George and a trousseau. It was wrapped around her in the approved style, but her sharp eyes instantly took in the superior magnificence of her sisters, and she was feeling very sorry for herself.

"Excuse my coat, the lining's torn," she ventured into the damning silence. Her father looked at her with pity, her mother and sisters with disgust. She was evidently her father's joy, her mother's wrath, and her sisters' despair. Since the sisters said nothing, Maisie's expression became even more Puck-like. Her eyes danced, and she too looked at the northeast corner. If this was a Quaker meeting, Maisie could play the game, even if she did have to wear their cast-off clothes.

But the family wrath had accumulated too long to be held back by Maisie's impishness. Rose turned on her suddenly.

"You'll talk, young lady, and explain yourself, or to the hoosegow you go, for all me. I've other uses for my time beside watching you. One minute more of this, and I leave the room . . ." and she looked ostentatiously at her platinum wrist watch. Elsie and Gert, not to be outdone, exhibited their wrist watches and started to pick up their bags.

"I don't know what you want (*Continued on page* 70)

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How the Living Faith of One Social Worker Grew

By MARY E. McDOWELL

At eleven, when she left dancing school to join an old-fashioned Methodist chapel

IN response to the editor's request that some of us tell how we have "sunk our shafts deep to find living water," I found release from a long-time reticence. The words unlocked a mood of long ago when we used to speak, perhaps too readily, of our religious experiences in the Methodist chapel of my girlhood, where there were both certainty of belief and freedom of expression. When eventually, I left that "dry-dock on the way to Heaven," I felt a longing to have revealed to me whether or not I had religion—in reality. If I had, my hope was that deeds, not words, would prove it. This request seems a hint that social workers might try their case work methods on themselves from time to time. I shall therefore tell my story.

I was born and lived my childhood in my grandfather's house in Cincinnati, at the foot of Walnut Hills facing the Ohio River, looking out over the beautiful Kentucky hills. The place and its setting offered a great variety of opportunities for play. As a child it always seemed to me a great waste of time to stop to eat or sleep because every day there was a new idea to dramatize. We played under the shade of the great beech trees and at the side of the little stream that ran down the hill or, in rainy weather, on the big porches—the whole neighborhood of children and myself. We had continuous plays that went on for days at a time, derived from the fairy tales we heard or read.

Don't imagine that my life was all play, for as the oldest sister of a family of brothers I came to take responsibilities quite seriously and was under the impression that the whole McDowell family depended upon me and what I did and the way I behaved. I must often have been a very irritating grown-up sister but somehow we kept our affection and our dependence upon each other all through our lives.

MARY E. McDOWELL
After thirty-five years in Chicago "back of the Yards"

That word "thrill," so over-used by our young people today, was not known to my vocabulary. Every day was an "interesting" day and common life and creative play were thrilling enough. From that day to this I have never seemed to feel the need of the shows for diversion or rest. I got a healthy reaction from a variety of interests and the common people about me offered a continuous drama.

Where did I get my social faith? I find those two words blending so perfectly that they run together like the colors in a prism. I believe it was Emerson who said that long before the mother realizes it, the child has begun building his ideals. Labor was dignified and idealized in my earliest days, in the person of an old carpenter; the service of the city, in that of the captain of our fire department. More, the immigrant and the Negro were a part of my life and had to do with my happiness.

It was the "laying on of hands," not by a bishop of the apostolic succession, but by a working man—that carpenter who built boats on the Ohio River—that consecrated me to social service.

My maternal grandfather was himself a boat builder in old Fulton, the east end of Cincinnati. I was born in the one big house of the community, which was my grandfather's house in which my mother had grown up. My earliest recollections were of the new people, German and Irish, and the new industries that were taking the place of the old ship and lumber yards along the Ohio. My relations with some of these immigrants were intimate, if a wee girl can be intimate with her elders.

One of my best friends was an old Irish woman whose daughter "worked out." I remember climbing up the rough stone steps to Aunty Campbell's small rooms, and there the old woman and "little Mary" visited together many an

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hour. I have a vivid impression of the Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets that my mother permitted me to carry to neighbors with large families who often were very needy during the winter's slack. Just after the Civil War there were many out of work and the big house was a neighborhood center where the German and Irish came for comfort, advice, and help of all sorts. We children were permitted to bring in from the street any soldiers who were wandering back from service. I was an intense young patriot, and was always permitted the honor of sitting beside my hero at the family table.

I THOUGHT my father and uncles and Mr. Lincoln had carried on the Civil War to free the Negroes, whom I loved. These black friends who, because of their child-like, sympathetic response to us children, never seemed to me to work for wages but for love, very early made a deep impression on me and here began my interracial understanding. The war and Abraham Lincoln, I concluded, was the only way out for my colored friends who must be free. Perhaps now by their achievement of spiritual freedom, they may yet emancipate the white race from ignorance and prejudice. A grocer at the corner, used to enjoy teasing this little militant by calling the president ugly names. Not having learned the beauty and wisdom of pacifism, I used to clench my fists, jump up and down, and cry in helpless rage at this "copperhead"—an anti-war, anti-Lincoln man.

My mother used to tell of Grandfather Gordon who during a time of financial crisis built a boat in cooperation with his employes rather than have them unemployed. Later, when a member of the legislature, he was urged to run for Congress because he cared for the interests of working people. In our family album, this democratic grandfather, Archibald Gordon, abolitionist, balanced the handsome, cavalier Grandfather McDowell who was an aristocrat and held that "a gentleman never worked with his hands."

Very early, I remember how, with my own little pail of suds and my own scrubbing brush, even with my own bit of carpet beneath my knees, I was permitted to clean the big porch by the side of the "scrub lady" who was a neighbor and most patient with her young cooperator. Surely this early life sympathetic with immigrants and colored folks and wage-earners helped towards a democratic outlook on the world I was growing into.

The social life of our household also was democratic in the guests who sat at table, President Rutherford Hayes, an old friend, or perhaps a blacksmith or a carpenter with ideas—often impractical ideas like perpetual motion—which they thought an inventor like my father might be able to put a-going. In those earlier days Negroes were never asked to break bread with us but later, when religion became a reality in the family, the color line was no longer drawn.

I CANNOT remember being impressed with any theological doctrines. I heard much of Heaven and something of a vague place for the wicked called Hell. Religion became real to me in a new sense, and seemed to gather to itself all of my everyday life when my father, at forty years of age, joined an old-fashioned Methodist chapel in Fulton. The pillars of the church were ship carpenters, quaint old men whom Charles Dickens would have enjoyed.

Father had been a man of the world. He was born in the state capital and as a gay young man led all the cotillions in society; during the Civil War he was in Washington on

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When she was given the basket and the red cloak and hood, she asked, "Papa, where is the wolf?"

his brother's staff. When, however, deep sorrow in the loss of a much-loved child came into his life, an unworldly, simply minister who knew the family through the children attending the chapel Sunday-school brought comfort and peace to him.

I was ready for confirmation in the Episcopal Church, of which my mother was a member, but when my father announced his decision to join this chapel, I said, "If Father is going to Heaven, so am I." I left my dancing school at eleven years of age, announcing to the school girls, "I'm not going to dance any more. I'm going to Heaven," and came under the influence of these very simple, narrow-minded but good old-fashioned church-goers who believed worldly amusements were temptations of the devil.

The class meeting was held in "Mother" Sherer's best room, which accommodated about a dozen men and women seated stiffly around the wall. Each one in order gave his religious experiences. One old sister was my delight for she relieved the stiffness. She always had the same spiritual struggle to relate. I could not follow it but I liked the way she measured her words by her handkerchief corners. I waited for the fourth corner, which she reached between her finger and thumb. This was the corner at which she began to weep. I never could make up my mind whether to weep with her or laugh at her but as the leader kept a solemn countenance I kept my sense of humor under control, as I have been compelled to do ever since.

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The early influence of Father's mother, an Episcopalian whose unselfish life made a deep impression on him, kept him, I fancy, from being swept along by the emotionalism of these old-time Methodists. When an old lady asked him what he believed concerning a personal devil, he answered, "Well, I have never met him and am determined I never shall." I was always greatly impressed with my father's religious stand: simple and frank, always expressing humbly his ignorance of spiritual things as understood by these queer folk.

THE class meeting was led by old "Father" Sherer, whose physical frame was built on the Lincoln type, whose hands were gnarled by laborious use, whose eyebrows overhung deep-set, serious but kindly eyes that always smiled on me when he put his hard-working hand on my curly hair and said gently, "Well, little sister, how is your soul this week?" And little sister would look up at this kind old pietist and tell frankly how naughty she had been, how she lost her temper, and had to ask forgiveness.

The soul was a reality to this old saint and became, to the wee girl, a precious something that had to do with my every-day actions and life with folks. Since then, all through life it has been to me that self that must win out in the end, by "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly" as the sacrifice well pleasing to the Heavenly Father. "Father" Sherer, with all his limitations, when he laid his old hands on my young head stamped upon my imagination a pattern to follow and consecrated me to right relationships with my fellows. Carpenters were idealized and a reverence was born for the workers and the doers that was a part of my young, romantic picture of common life.

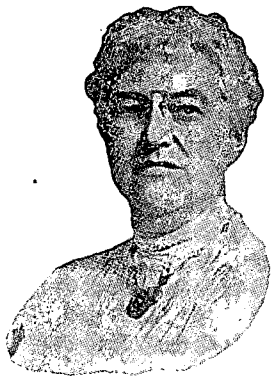
Perhaps it is labor that must teach the cultured and the church that man cannot live by bread alone, that all must have the life abundant. Later in life I visited a factory manufacturing violin strings where the working conditions for the women were intolerable. I went away wondering, "Why should violin strings be made under conditions so loathsome or, by labor so cheaply bought, in order that the cultured few might listen to harmonious sounds from a great symphony orchestra?" For is it not true that there is a unity of common life and that even common things have relation to spiritual values? This has become a vital part of my religious faith. I believe that the real harmony will come when the horny callouses of the worker as well as the gentle hand of a cultured bishop will have a consecrating value understood by the church, the university, and by labor itself, for no group of society can live to itself alone.

MADAM PRESIDENT

Organizer and president of the Woman's Club at Hull House, where Miss McDowell was a resident before she became director of the University of Chicago Settlement in 1893

FOR HUMANITY

MARY E. McDOWELL



Progressive Candidate for

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

To Be Elected from the City of Chicago

WOMEN MAY VOTE FOR HER

Register Oct. 3rd or 13th—Vote November 3rd

PUBLIC OFFICE

Miss McDowell failed of election in this campaign, though she was conspicuous as an early woman candidate. In 1923, Mayor Dever appointed her commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare.

Beatrice Webb, in her book, My Apprenticeship, publishes an entry in one of her early diaries. After a visit among her mother's kin, textile workers in Bacup, a small British mill town, she wrote, "What had been borne in to me was my utter ignorance of the manual-working class, that is, of four-fifths of my fellow-countrymen." Over thirty years ago there came to me such a realization of the indifference on the part of the comfortable, complacent Christian community in which I was living, and in whose outlook I shared.

I was living in the 90's in a university town near to that great seething, restless Chicago, where the workers, the mass of the population, were struggling for something as to which our community, a small minority, was restfully ignorant. The Pullman strike was on. Evanston saw no reason why wage-earners who had work should be disturbing the peace of our cultured community with its Browning societies and many churches. There came to me such a "concern," as the Friends would say, that I searched until I found one citizen of Evanston who was kind enough to take me to see the Reverend Cawardine, pastor of the Methodist church at Pullman. This Methodist preacher helped me to see that the Pullman strike was only typical of a great world unrest that must be understood and faced by complacent Christians everywhere.

Neighboring with Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard in Evanston was another influence that developed my new sense of human obligation. I joined the W. C. T. U. and the Browning Club under the guidance of this noble, cultured woman who, perhaps through her suffering, helped

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me to see life more clearly. Then came Eliabeth Harrison, who introduced me to the social ferment at work in education through the study of Froebel and Dewey. My kindergarten study in turn led to Hull-House, where I learned to know Jane Addams who, more than any other person "sees life steadily and sees it whole." She helped me to sound my depths. It was at Hull-House, and later at the University of Chicago Settlement, that there developed a blending of the life of the spirit with the common every-day experiences.

No social climber ever moved into a "swell" neighborhood with a keener desire to become one of the *élite* than was mine when I moved from the university town to the Stock Yards District. Could I identify myself with the hand workers as I had so long with those who worked with their brains? It took ten years to prove myself, before my purpose was understood by my neighbors. The past experiences of the people of the Stock Yards, especially the failure of their poorly organized efforts to better conditions, had left a burden of fear that seemed to weigh down every worker I met. At last courage came and a new mind was born when a labor organization was evolved, under the leadership of Michael Donnelly, that seemed to offer a power equal to that of money and brains. There followed the great strike of 1904. When I met the test of standing with my neighbors for a wage that, as they put it, helped towards a "decent American standard of living," I began to be understood by them.

Their cause seemed so just that I longed to have the "other side of life" know those to whom they were obligated for their roasts and bacon. It took six weeks of struggle and suffering to make an impression on my friends on the other side of life. Their meat supply was stopped while the children of the workers were suffering from hunger. When my friends were inconvenienced and made uncomfortable, at last they began to ask questions. "When are your neighbors going to let us have a roast again? We haven't had one for weeks." Their complacency was upset when they wanted meat. They began dimly to see their dependence upon butchers and sausage-makers. Today a new mind is slowly growing in cultured circles and among church people that may some day, we hope, prevent such unnecessary suffering and wasteful struggle for just conditions of work and right relations among men.

A plain black hat with blue corn-flowers stands out in my memory against the gloom of the Stock Yards' strike of 1904. No one except the lady of the hat with blue corn-flowers seemed to understand the situation I was in when twenty-two thousand workers in our community, in order to preserve the standard of living secured by their union, were pitting their power of organization against the tremendous power of money and intelligence. No one except one liberal minister and one settlement woman let me know that they were thinking of me during those six weeks of storm and stress. Jane Addams wired from the quiet of the Adirondacks, where she was taking a needed rest, "If you need me wire me." In the fourth week of the strike she returned and at once came out to the University of Chicago Settlement. We walked about the sad and dreary neighborhood and talked of many things. Just to have her near and to know that she understood was such a relaxation that I wanted to be gay with her. I saw her hat and admired it, remarking, "Where did you get that pretty hat? I have always wanted blue corn-flowers and I should like to get one."

"Oh," she answered, "Mrs. Wilmarth gave it to me."

Later, when I was putting her on the car, I noticed she was bareheaded. "Where is your hat? You have forgotten it."

"Oh no, it is *your* hat now. I came up here to give you anything I had the power to offer and all you seemed to want was my hat."

For the next weeks I wore that hat as the prophet of old wore the mantle and found strength and inspiration.

OVER SEAS

Miss McDowell in France for the Y.W.C.A. in the interest of the women munition workers. Photographed just before the armistice in 1918.

WHILE a great protest of human beings—a strike or war—is a time of evil, it is also a time of revelation, a time when folk see into a larger world. A German cattle butcher and I sat together, waiting for news from a conference between the union leader and the chief of the packers, when this man said with prophetic emphasis, "You know, some day the world will learn that Michael Donnelly represents quite as important an interest as does Mr. J. Ogden Armour."

It was an Irish girl who, taking me to a meeting of the cattle butchers, gave me another glimpse into a larger world. A Negro butcher was officially installing new members into the union. It took three interpreters to make clear to the Poles, Slovaks, and Lithuanians what membership meant. My companion, Hannah O'Day, was as stirred as I. As we left the hall she said to me, "Well, what do you think of that! Ain't that the beginning (*Continued on page* 57)

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Citizens in Transit

By NEWTON D. BAKER

IT is the individual who fails socially who supplies the clinical material for welfare work. Such failure is a man's inability to adjust to his economic or social environment. That inability may be due to mental, physical, or spiritual causes, or it may be due rather to a change in the environment itself. If environment changes rapidly and fundamentally, necessarily more people fail in their capacity to adjust to it.

This was illustrated strikingly during the War when we collected into an army four million boys whose lives had been spent, some of them in remote rural sections, others in great cities. We withdrew them from localities where they had grown up, to which they had learned to make all the necessary adjustments so that they were in harmony with the scheme of things about them. We picked them up and brought them into entirely different surroundings and entirely new relations to their fellow men. I am sure any one who has examined the figures of that army has been astonished to find how many boys there were who were "queer"; who were shellshocked though they never heard a shell; how much there was of mental, moral and physical breakdown. They were few in number compared with any other army, due to the recreational side of our training-camp activities; but they were there and it was easy to understand why, if one tried.

We picked up John, who was recognized in his community as having certain angularities. Everybody who knew him had come to overlook those angularities. John, for his part and from his point of view, had learned that the folks in his community were queer and how to make allowances for them. But when we seized John out of his regular place in which so many adjustments had been made, and put him into a new environment where nobody was accustomed to him or he to them, his inability to dovetail into his entirely strange setting was the first fact we discovered.

Men just on the verge of maladjustment and not to be regarded as failures, are likely to become failures, if their environment changes, because the burden of adjustment gets too great. And the more rapidly or completely that environment changes, the more serious their inability becomes.

We live in a period, of course, of increasingly rapid changes. Every time I look back I hope we have changed all we are going to in my lifetime, but the next time I look back I find our pace of change has been accelerated. Nothing in the history of mankind is more striking than the changes that have taken place in industrial relations in the last fifty or sixty years. We have changed our habits of thought and our social set-up in a revolutionary manner, and we have done it much faster than usually normal and sane persons can be expected to keep up with. The English did something of the same sort a century ago when they repealed the corn laws, and now Britain has become a great manufacturing state and lives on her income as a medium for the sale of manufactured goods. Our people did it in this country when we established the public guardianship of the industrial growth of the United States. We have changed not only the urban situation, but the farming situation as well. And we have advanced the limits of suburban growth, so that there are few deeply isolated rural communities left. As result, within the past fifty years all our common life has been tremendously modified.

PERHAPS the two most conspicuous elements in the change in our environment are that we now live under conditions of concentration (we are much closer together than we used to be) and that we have become a mobile and a moving population. Nobody stays still. We are all on the go all the time. My best illustration of this, I have used in another connection. In France not long ago they offered a prize to the family that had lived the longest, one generation after another, on one piece of ground. The prize was given to a family that proved by the records that it and its predecessors had occupied the same land for seven hundred years. In contrast I am told that in this country the average length of occupancy by an industrial family is seven years. We are milling around, and the price we pay for our unrivaled supremacy as a moving nation is that we have lost many of the things that used to be implied in neighborhood environment and neighborly associations. That is why casual charity has ceased to be of value. By the time you discover your neighbor is in need of help, he is somebody else's neighbor and you have to start in with a new family next door.

Moreover, we have lost the social control that sprang from neighborhood opinion. I suppose most of the human race grew up under the correcting tutelage of such opinion until our day. Now there is no such thing. There were people in the village in which I lived as a boy before whom I had to behave most circumspectly. If I did anything of which they disapproved, it would have been reported to others, who in turn would have carried it back to my parents, with results which I did not care to bring about. That is all gone. We have not enough neighborhood association to make for correction and control of opinion. We have little neighborhood sympathy. We don't stay close enough long enough to make neighborhood charity efficacious or to take care of those who fail to adjust themselves to the life about them.

AS a consequence, we have our problems in community responsibility for human welfare; and more especially the responsibility of local governments on the one hand, and on the other, private responsibility as embodied in the community chests and councils. The question as I see it is to determine, not where the dividing line runs, but how broad is the no-man's land between them. In this borderland we may well ask ourselves how far the state should go and how far private philanthropy.

Now, in the relations of government to industry, I suppose it is a fair rule to say that the state should not go into

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any business which can be as well done by private enterprise. My position is that it should not go into manufacturing, for example, when that can be as well done by private concerns. But I think the rule is exactly the opposite with respect to private and public philanthropy. Private philanthropy should not undertake anything the state can do as well.

What we are really dealing with in this field are the social consequences of the industrial advance. We are dealing with problems created by our altering the conditions of the social structure. We are dealing with the evils consequent both to our economic supremacy and to our industrial efficiency, and the price we have to pay is a social price. There is nobody but shares in the benefits of the industrial society we have created; therefore nobody is free from obligation to bear his part of the cost. It would seem to me, therefore, if it could be arranged, that the whole burden of welfare work should become a state burden, as against a private burden.

As things stand, one might draw the line that the state should bear the burden of taking care of what has gone amiss, and private philanthropy should bear the burden of preventing its happening again. Neither rule will work all the time. People do not think along rectilinear lines. They are both ideal solutions, and if anybody complains of an ideal as impractical, that means he has merely misunderstood the function of an ideal. For whenever an ideal is attainable, it is an aim; when it is unattainable but is inspiring and ennobling, then it is an ideal. It is by following such ideals that we may ultimately get progress in addressing ourselves to maladjustments between individuals and their environment in our changing modern life. These maladjustments manifest themselves in delinquency, in ill health, in dependency and in the misuse of leisure. What are the state functions with regard to these things, and what the private? Tradition does not help us much in answering.

I have gone over the analyses made by Raymond Clapp of the Cleveland Community Chest as to the social welfare budgets of some hundred cities; how much is met from earnings by the institutions concerned, how much from tax money, how much from endowment and how much from voluntary contributions. Almost the only thing one can say about the figures is that no rule holds. In Cleveland, for example, with its 1,040,000 population (somebody underestimated the population of my city, of course!) we have earnings of $4,375,000, taxes $2,700,000, contributions $4,200,000. In contrast, in Detroit (which is overestimated as to population!) taxes meet $5,300,000 as against our $2,700,000; contributions meet $2,600,000, as against our $4,200,000. There is no comparison to be had between these two cities, because local conditions and business conditions and social conditions are entirely different; but I will venture to make a generalization that may win some dissent.

It is this: The extent to which the political government can be entrusted with welfare work is the measure of the intelligence of the people of a city, or of a community, or of a state.

At the Citizens Conference in Washington in February, called by the Association of Community Chests and Councils, there was group discussion as to how much heed is given to what a city does with the public funds appropriated for welfare work. I chanced to hear a delegate who was evidently connected with both the public and private charities of his city. He said nobody paid any attention to him as a public officer, but an alert board of directors was zealous as to what he did as a private citizen. I know that city and love it, and I am quite sure the speaker will not take me amiss when I say that to the extent to which his comparison is true, there or elsewhere, the community concerned is not intelligent enough to have a better city government or to trust that government any further than it is trusted.

Perhaps the most encouraging development in America in the last forty years has been that the whole process of municipal government has immeasurably improved. Here I know what I am talking about. Just about thirty years ago I became a municipal official. It was just about thirty years ago that Lincoln Steffens wrote The Shame of the Cities. And it was just about thirty years ago that the muckrakers uncovered the inefficiency and the shabbiness of city government in America. I remember that Lord Bryce, in those days the greatest living exponent of democracy, said that he had always believed in the permanency of democracy as we had established it in the United States; but as he grew older he was fearful of his belief, by reason of our inability to govern our cities. That made a deep impression upon me. I watched municipal developments from then on and have had a hand in them; and I give you the comforting assurance that there has been an immeasurable gain in the vigor and intelligence and the rectitude of local and city government in the United States since the turn of the century.

That means that the public vehicle for administering relief and for helping people to adjust themselves to the changing life of our cities is more worthy of its task. We are going to have better city governments. We will not get them by changing the titles of the persons who run our cities, as between mayors and managers. Good government to me is a function of good men governing good men, rather than changing words in a charter. A good man gives you a good government under a bad form, or vice versa. We must educate public opinion to improve our municipal agencies and then turn over to them just as rapidly as we can—to the public men—those functions which are at present in greater or less degree performed by private agencies.

BUT the process is more than educating public officials or even general public opinion. It reaches deeper, to the rank and file of all those who grow up with our cities or grow into them. I refer to what is now coming to the front as adult education. It used to be that when a man went to college and got an education he remained an educated man. That is no longer true. Now, when he has finished, he has to grab his diploma, and start running and keep on running if he doesn't want to be outstripped. We have finally come to appreciate the necessity for a continuous process of learning and teaching and adjusting ourselves. My judgment is that here in America adult education is going to be the next great social movement—with its forums, downtown colleges, round-table discussions, reading clubs, conferences and other vehicles of education. We are going to try to bring the most of us and the most of ourselves as nearly abreast with knowledge as possible.

The college has ceased to educate people. I am not speaking harshly of colleges, because I am a trustee of three of four, and I approve of them (*Continued on page* 61)

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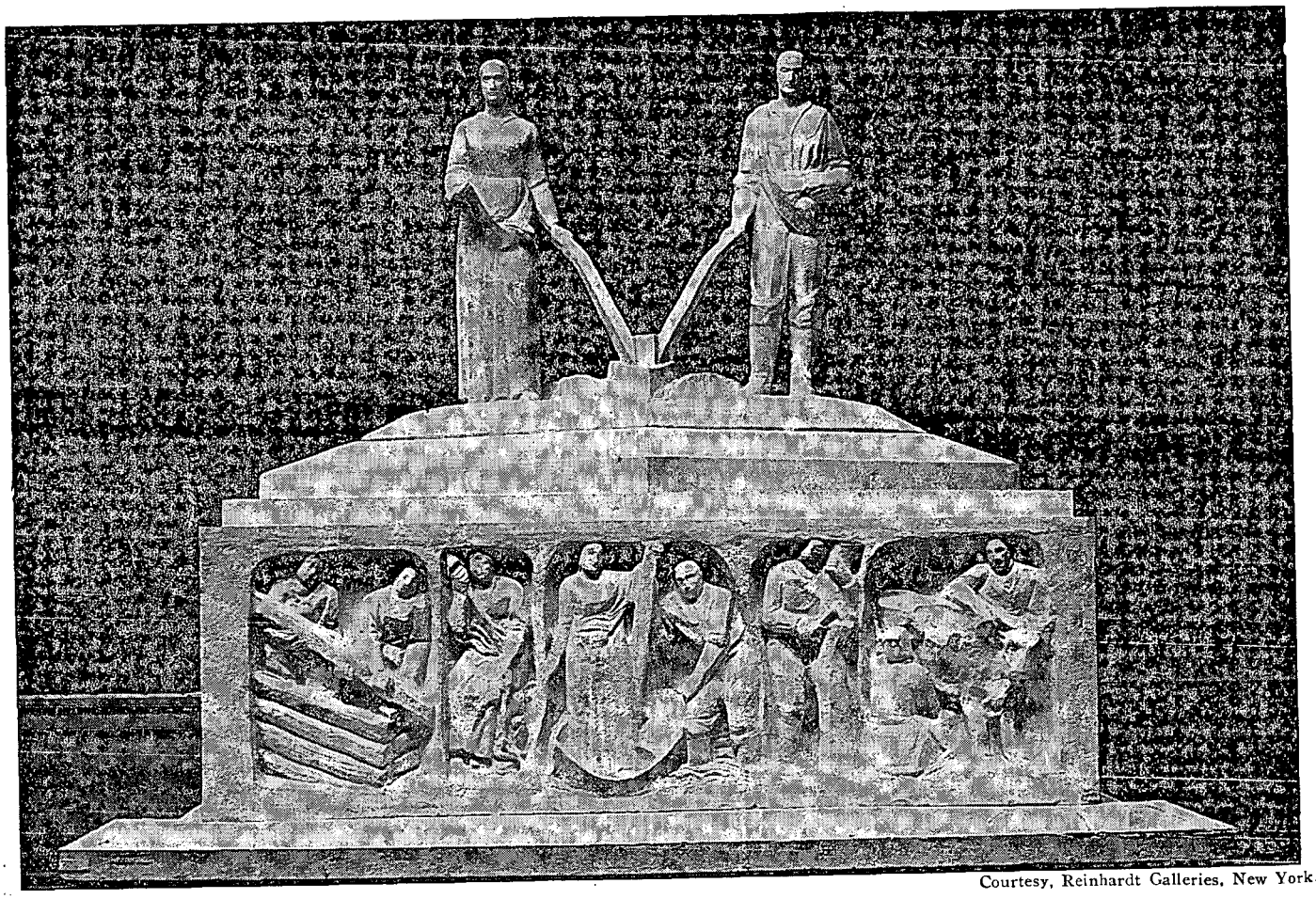

Courtesy, Reinhardt Galleries, New York

THE NEW ENGLAND SETTLERS

From the winning model, by Maurice Sterne, in a competition for the Rogers Kennedy Memorial to be erected at Worcester, Massachusetts

Adolescent America

By WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

THE world has been calling the United States a young country. It has condoned many of our political and social shortcomings on the score of national immaturity. But America is rapidly growing up, and today may fairly be said to have reached the adolescent stage, in physical stature at any rate. The glory of a young man is in his strength, and the War brought home to Americans a consciousness of the reserve power which their country possesses.

In the life of a nation the age of adolescence is reached when there is no more free land—no more territories to be exploited—in a word, when the last economic frontier has disappeared. Or, better still as a mark of the adolescent stage, is the waning of the demand for more population with which to develop the country's natural resources. When a nation attains the vigor of adolescence, it begins to realize that the need for further accessions of man-power from outside its own borders has passed. Such a realization has come upon us since the close of the War, and it discloses a radical change in the national temper.

Throughout the nineteenth century the cry in America was for more people, for immigrants to help conquer a half continent, for labor to gridiron the land with railroads and to build up the industrial cities. It was not until about forty years ago that we began, even mildly, to restrict the inward hegira by excluding certain undesirable elements, and it is only during the past nine years that we have maintained a quantitative restriction. The existing immigration laws would seem to indicate, if anything can, that the country now believes itself sufficiently grown up to provide its own accessions to the living capital of the nation. The age of infancy, in this respect, was a somewhat prolonged one; but it has now come to an end.

And it is small wonder, for in truth the national development during the past fifty years has been amazing. The world, in all history, has never before seen anything like it. Our population in 1878 was well under fifty millions; today

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it probably exceeds one hundred and fifteen millions. But this phenomenal increase of man-power does not by any means tell the whole story. During the half century there has taken place an even more marvelous expansion of national resources, as shown by the increased wealth per capita, the rapidly mounting estimates of national incomes, and by the piling up of capital at such a pace that opportunities for sound investment have scarcely been able to keep up with it. During the past five decades there have been occasional set-backs, periods of economic depression, and shrinkages in the figures of national wealth as set down on paper; but these reversals have not been either serious or sustained. They have not served to impede the nation's astounding progress along the paths of material prosperity.

Too often this remarkable economic advance, which has made America the envy of other nations, is attributed to things which have had very little to do with it. The professional American patriot lays most of it to the glorious excellencies of the federal constitution and the form of government. He assures you that the national prosperity is mainly the outcome of our homage to the doctrine of human equality, which is reputed to give everybody an equal chance and thus to inspire the individual to his highest efforts. Likewise there are those who impute the whole outcome, or most of it, to the tradition of governmental non-interference with business, letting industry alone, and adhering to the Jeffersonian doctrine that a government is best when it governs least. Whole books have been written to prove that the material opulence of the United States has been in large measure the product of a highly developed economic individualism which gives every man a full and free chance to work out his own salvation and lets the devil take the hindmost. The most plausible, if not the strongest, argument against social control is usually embodied in an exhibit of what the nation has achieved without it.

But despite all that has been enshrined to this effect in the literature of patriotism, it is difficult to believe that either the form or the scope of American government has had much to do with the economic advance. In all human probability we should have become a rich and prosperous nation under any rational form of government, whether with a system of checks and balances or without. The restriction of governmental interference with industry has been the result of our rapid material progress, not the cause of it. The doctrine of *laissez faire* gains acceptance, always and everywhere, when things are going well. It is only when discontent and discouragement become widespread and prolonged that people turn to their government with an effective demand for the exercise of its initiative. They do not ask their rulers to intervene so long as they find that private enterprise is able to solve most of the community's economic problems.

Two factors have contributed more than all others to the present economic hegemony of America. One is geographic. Here was a vast territory, virtually unoccupied, well endowed with natural resources and far removed from potential enemies in any of the older continents. We do not always realize, even yet, what an imperial area came into the possession of the American people when they seized the red man's heritage. Take a map of the United States

Atoms and Citizens

LET me use an analogy from the new physics. The individual citizen is not an atom *in vacuo*. He is conditioned and directed by the countless other atoms of the body politic with whom he interacts. These influences come upon him from the immediate environment in which he is set—from his family, his race, his religion, his political party, his newspaper, his clerk, his labor union, and all the rest. Being at one and the same time a member of different influencing groups, the individual citizen may be, and often is, divided within himself, a disintegrated social atom. Hence our initial problem is not that of adjusting social control to the interests of the individual, but of finding out just what these interests are.

Both in the physical world and in the body politic, the atoms have this in common, that they are neither ultimate nor indivisible. The individual citizen, when you pull him apart, is first of all a nucleus. In elemental matters, the actions and reactions of primitive man are as fairly predictable as are some of the phenomena of nature. He and his fellows respond to identical situations in much the same way. But the whole training imposed by civilization is based upon the assumption that human beings can be constrained or induced to modify their natural responses. More particularly they respond to the stimulus of ideas, the electrons of the social universe; and indeed our entire process of civic education—in the schools and colleges, by the press and at the forum—consists in bombarding the human nucleus with ideas. Some get attached, but the vast majority do not. The social atmosphere, like the physical universe, is filled with these invisible units of energy, moving at all rates of speed and penetrating power, gaining lodgment here and there, or departing from some human atom where they have been week-end guests. In the last analysis, the specific gravity of the individual citizen, his weight in the body politic, is dependent upon the degree of his receptivity to these rays of intellectual illumination; it is proportioned to the number and quality of the ideas that he assimilates and retains. It is this variableness of response to the stimulus of ideas that largely accounts for the diversity among citizens in relation to their government.

HENCE we have the hydrogen citizen. In his journey through the seven ages of man he manages to capture only one electron. His primal instincts have become modified by some single controlling obsession. Militant reformers, in any field, are drawn for the most part from among men and women who belong in this category. The same is true of the die-hards at the other extreme, the reactionaries and the partisans of the hundred-per-cent variety. They are what the physicist would call "stripped atoms." They contribute very little to the orderly progress of government as an art or as a science. To continue the metaphor, it is the precious metals of mankind, not the gases, that give both stability and movement to the social order.

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and set it down upon a map of Europe. San Francisco becomes a port on the west coast of France, while Charleston keeps company with Angora. New Orleans drops down to the Piraeus, while Duluth becomes neighbor to Moscow. Take the whole kingdom of Italy, with its forty million people, and set it atop the state of Kansas; you will be surprised to see how little overlaps.

The area is vast and the diversity of regions is even greater. We have a corn belt, a wheat belt, a cotton belt, besides various industrial, mining, and forest areas. There is virtually no region in the whole continent of Europe which cannot be substantially matched in climate, soil, and other natural resources by some section of the United States. We realize that there is a vast difference between Finland and Sicily, let us say; but do we always fully appreciate that there is just as much between North Dakota and Louisiana? This great diversity, all under a single flag, is the tap-root of our economic strength. It means freedom of trade between regions which produce raw material and those which manufacture. In no other portion of the globe does this exist on so large a scale as here. This single geographic fact is in itself sufficient to explain most of the phenomenon. Only by the most perverse actions on the part of the people could we have avoided national opulence in the face of this territorial endowment.

ISOLATION from the older continents is another phase of our geographic heritage which has profited us much. It has relieved America from the constant menace of war and hence from the stupendous economic strain which is involved in the maintenance of a large standing army, and is even more burdensome where it takes the form of universal military service as it did in virtually all the countries of continental Europe prior to the World War. Even so, the military expenditures of the United States have been large beyond all popular realization. What would they have been if this republic, like France, had three or four powerful rivals right on her flanks? Our two years' participation in the World War cost more than the total of all our federal budgets, for all purposes, from the inauguration of the Union in 1788 down to the declaration of hostilities in 1917, a period of one hundred and twenty-nine years. From that statement alone one can judge how much we must have saved through the geographic isolation which has enabled America to keep clear of various other European wars.

But natural resources, no matter how abundant, do not of themselves assure material prosperity to a nation. The people who exploit these resources count for as much, or more. In other words, the genetic factor is not less consequential than the geographic. It is difficult to believe that the United States would have so rapidly advanced to economic adolescence if its various regions had not been opened up and peopled by races in which the pioneering instinct was strong. The conquest of a half continent called for stamina and fortitude. Neither was lacking while the job lasted. There is no need to particularize among the varied racial strains; it is enough to say that in their totality they endowed America with a vigorous and versatile population, both able and anxious to exploit and utilize the resources which the primal architect of the universe placed at their call.

Geography and genetics, therefore, explain the relative ease with which America has gone forward to adolescent nationhood. American government, in its form and scope, is merely the expression of needs based upon geography and of traditions arising out of race. From the interaction of these two forces the population of the United States has derived its vocational proclivities and its habits of mind. These, in turn, have determined the temper of rulership. Popular sovereignty is a pleasing phrase, but little more. It embodies one of the many fictions which a democracy likes to cherish. Only to a small extent is government a matter determined by human reason or design. It depends, to a very large extent, upon basic conditions which the sovereign people neither create nor understand, but only obey.

THE idea that human discretion runs untrammeled in politics has done a lot of harm. It has caused our vernacular and our thinking to become saturated with the notion that there are principles of democracy to which the people have pledged their allegiance and to which their government must at all hazards conform. These principles are for the most part embodied in a series of formulas or slogans which have come down to us from the swaddling days of the Republic. They pay no heed to the stupendous economic and social changes which have come over the land since they were first impressed upon the public mind. Together these pontifical phrases form a sort of fundamental creed by which every proposed governmental action is tested and appraised. Accordingly it is an almost impossible task to convince people that principles and methods which were quite desirable in an era of national infancy may well be, and probably are, quite out of tune with the needs of a nation that has reached or passed the adolescent stage.

Take, for example, the dictum of Thomas Jefferson that "a government is best when it governs least." In a day when a relatively small population was scattered over a large expanse of virgin soil, with primitive methods of intercommunication and government afar off—under such conditions there was much to be said for the philosophy of governmental self-restraint. But the great Virginian has now lain in his grave for more than a hundred years and meanwhile a greater transformation has taken place in human activities and intercourse than marked a half-dozen centuries prior to Jefferson's day. With the industrialization of large portions of the country, the growth of large cities, the development of facilities for rapid transit on land, at sea, and in the air; in a word, with the immeasurably increased complexity of contemporary American life, it becomes an obvious absurdity to evaluate a government's merit in terms of quantitative minima alone. As the country has developed, its "growing pains" have become more acute. They demand an assuagement that no doctrine of *laissez faire* can ever hope to provide.

NOT how much or how little a government does, therefore, but how successfully it accomplishes what it is called upon to do—that is the only rational criterion of government. There is nothing that a government should refrain from doing if it can do the thing better than it would otherwise be done. Conversely, there is nothing that a government ought to undertake if the thing can be better done by individual initiative. These two assertions are put in dogmatic form because they ought to be self-evident. But they are not. There are millions of Americans who today subconsciously adhere to the Jeffersonian dogma and instinctively revolt against any proposal to expand social control of the citizen's freedom.

In our philosophy of politics we continue to exalt the individual citizen beyond all (*Continued on page* 68)

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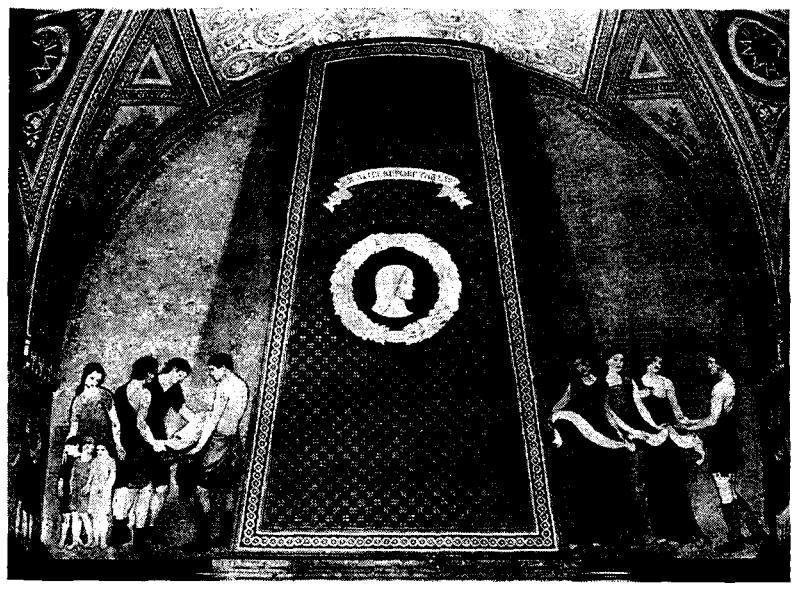
BABYLONIA
JUDEA
GRECIA
ROMA
GALLIA
ANGLIA

Courtesy The Arts, New York

The State and the Citizen

Mural paintings by Augustus Vincent Tack

"IT IS only through the state," says Professor Munro in the foregoing article, "that man can make his natural rights effective and only through social control that he can safeguard his personal liberty." These new decorations for the governor's suite in the Nebraska State Capitol are symbolic of this relation of citizen and state. In the wall decoration of the rights of man, shown above, the central figure is Justice, with Mercy and Understanding staying her hands. Right is the decoration on the chimney breast, Equality Before the Law, flanked on the one side by physical care, on the other by spiritual care for the citizen.



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Spot-light Again for the Opium Devil

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

OPIUM, that old international devil, is about to be hauled out again into the spot-light. Early in April, not long after this issue of Survey Graphic is in the hands of its readers, the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations will come into session at Geneva. The principal business—measured by intrinsic importance rather than by any probability of specific results—will be wrestling with, hamstringing and if possible burying the scheme for international control of narcotics, proposed last year by Signor Cavazzoni, who represents Italy in the committee. In the eyes of the majority of that committee, constituting what has been aptly called "the Old Guard of the status quo," Cavazzoni is the *enfant terrible*—nothing more nor less than a nuisance. Considering all the pains that have been taken first and last to keep this subject quiet and obscure, in the realm of whispering, Cavazzoni's determination not only to center attention upon the simple essentials of it, but to focus upon it the glare of publicity, savors of impertinence. There is "bad blood," considerable of malice, in the evident determination to smother him and all his works. There will be a good show on at Geneva in April; it is to be hoped that the newspaper men on the job there will make the most of it.

BE IT remembered first of all that "opium" in this connection is used in the generic sense as applying to all of the forms (with the exception of alcohol) of manufactured narcotic drugs used for addiction; including the raw materials, coagulated poppy-juice and the coca-leaf from which cocaine is made, and Indian hemp, the source of hasheesh. The series includes secondary products. For example, from codeine, a derivative of morphine hitherto not usually classed as habit-forming, are derived the undoubtedly habit-forming drugs, eucodal and dicodid, as yet not widely known. And codeine itself, apart from this potentiality, is coming increasingly under suspicion on its own account.

Furthermore, the ingenuity of the drug-makers enlisted in this sinister business has disclosed certain "ester" products, such for instance as benzoylmorphine, made from morphine and benzoic acid. This was the subject of a special investigation by the Health Organization of the League of Nations, and from one of its documents I quote this pregnant sentence:

> It is obvious why the manufacture of benzoylmorphine has suddenly increased to such an extent, for it is really a camouflage of morphine, which makes it possible to distribute that drug commercially without any risk of prosecution and to recove the morphine when the right moment occurs.

The "right moment" is after the benzoylmorphine, itself not habit-forming and therefore not within the purview of existing international conventions, has passed through the customs and other guards against narcotics.

In other words, the safeguards implied in the Hague Convention, not to mention the Geneva Convention of 1925, are turned into so much waste paper in the face of the condition created by the discovery of this device for slipping through the guard-lines a new kind of raw material for drugs; itself perfectly legal so far as these conventions are concerned. The Opium Advisory Committee seems as yet entirely oblivious of this state of affairs and is still puttering over the question of smuggling, still going through empty motions of trying to discover the sources of illicit traffic—as if there were any mystery about it.

SO FAR as its essentials are concerned, nothing could be simpler than the international "opium" question. A child of six can understand it. It is reducible to a formula. Until that formula burns itself into the consciousness of the world, along with a realization of the menace which it represents, the problem will be quite hopeless. Measures to rescue individual addicts, valuable as they may be from the point of view of the individual, are as futile in the large sense as stamping out individual sparks in a forest fire. Study of individual seizures of smuggled drugs are on a par with fighting a Mississippi flood with buckets.

The Health Committee of the League of Nations, the Opium Advisory Committee, a mixed sub-committee representing both, and various other bodies that have wrestled with the problem, have produced estimates to the effect that the maximum legitimate need of the *entire population of the world*, of every race and color, civilized, half-civilized and savage under the sun, cannot exceed

Of raw opium for all purposes	786 tons,
Of cocaine for all purposes	12 tons.

The most conservative estimates, certainly inadequate because based upon fragmentary and begrudged statistics, show a total production of raw opium of anywhere from 8,000 to more than 15,000 tons. As for cocaine, as long ago at 1922 Java alone officially reported export of coca-leaves sufficient to make more than the theoretically required 12 tons of cocaine. And that makes no account of large exports from Bolivia and Peru.

IN OTHER words, it cannot be denied—I know of no attempt by anybody to deny it—that right now not less than ten, perhaps hundreds, possibly thousands of times the amount of these narcotics needed for any use except addiction, are pouring out upon the world. Moreover, the older, simpler forms in which they were used have given way in large measure to that of the high-power alkaloid derivatives, manufactured in not more than forty or fifty pharmaceutical laboratories, in Germany, Switzerland, England, the United States and other western countries. This enormously excessive production has to go somewhere. It does go somewhere. Outside of the relatively infinitesimal quantity (per capita per annum of morphine about 7 grains; of cocaine about .11 of one grain) it can have no destination except

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the addict, actual or potential. Every law and probability of supply and demand assures the making of more addicts to accomplish consumption. Nay, more, a ghastly characteristic of narcotic addiction is a kind of perverted missionary zeal to communicate the addiction to others.

IN THE Hague Opium Convention of 1912 (quite regardless of the Geneva Convention of 1925, which never has come into force) all of the producing nations agreed to *limit manufacture* to legitimate needs. No nation, including the United States, has done so. Indeed, there has been no effort worthy of the name to ascertain what might be those legitimate needs; far less any attempt to apportion either manufacture or distribution in accordance with such needs. The history of the subject hitherto is a history of pious utterance, "passing the buck," mutual recriminations, and failure or even flat refusal to do anything substantial in the direction of repressing production or controlling distribution. *This is the international narcotic problem.* The rest is details; shifting daily in a baffling confusion of figures and activities, but with no material alteration in the perspective. Follow the details as you will—they all come out inexorably in the *ensemble* that Sir John Campbell, representing India and presiding at that session over the Opium Advisory Committee, outlined at its meeting a year ago:

> Every person in this room knows the reason for the illicit traffic, and understands the nature of the only possible remedy. It is unjust and an entire misconception to blame the League of Nations and the Opium Advisory Committee. Neither has any power to compel sovereign nations to keep the word they already have solemnly given. There are at most fifty—perhaps not more than forty—drug factories in the whole world. By the Hague Convention the individual governments assumed definite obligation *to limit the manufacture, sale and use of these narcotic drugs to legitimate purposes,* and to cooperate in the fulfilment of these obligations. The governments have not done this. The solemn obligations have not been fulfilled.

PRECISELY here comes in Signor Cavazzoni. He has "spilled the beans" by compelling the Advisory Committee for the first time in its history to confront a brutally candid statement of the situation as it is, and a complete plan for dealing with it by real international cooperation. He presented this plan at the meeting last fall; it was referred to a committee, and the report of that committee is due at the impending meeting.

To understand the spirit in which it was received and will be dealt with, Signor Cavazzoni's presence in the committee must be explained. In the Assembly of the League of Nations, two years ago, Italy, by the mouth of Cavazzoni, called attention to the fact that thus far the Opium Advisory Committee had consisted entirely of representatives of nations directly concerned in the production of narcotics. He suggested that it was high time some of the victim nations took a hand in the business of watching and curbing this menacing traffic. Italy neither cultivated the raw material nor was engaged in manufacture; but was finding herself increasingly afflicted by the staff, both as destination and as a way-station in its distribution. He demanded for Italy a place on the committee. He got it.

With evident reluctance and uneasiness, as well as the contempt that usually meets uninitiated intruders in a "close communion," Cavazzoni was welcomed to the committee in January, 1927. He signalized his arrival by making a speech, impeccably polite in form, but most disturbing in its definiteness—he put his finger squarely upon the absolute center of the problem. He declared that Italy had come into the war to stay and would be content with nothing less than thorough-going measures. It became known at the same time that Cavazzoni had *carte blanche* from Mussolini.

FORESHADOWED in the Cavazzoni scheme—into the details of which it is unnecessary to go even if space were available for it—are three kinds of measures, equally important:

1. Curtailing of production.
2. Control of distribution in accordance with some form of rationing, including declaration by each country of its needs and the sources from which it will get its supply.
3. Adequate legislation and enforcement to regulate distribution and vigilant control of supply within each country.

The obstacle to this self-evidently reasonable program lies in the fact that *each producing country competes for the whole market.* Each refuses to accept any form of rationing, and blames the others for the illicit traffic.

THE record of the United States is as good as any; better than most. Very little of the narcotics manufactured in the United States is discovered in the illicit traffic, either abroad or within our own borders. By strict control of imports of raw material we have done something, albeit by indirection, toward reducing production. We are quite scrupulous in complying with the technicalities as regards exports. Nevertheless we are flooded with drugs from abroad. Compared with this matter, prohibition is a shining success. We have borders at north and south, and long coastlines on both oceans, across which narcotics seep like water through a sieve. We have no federal enforcement act—the famous Harrison Law is a taxation act, and all our efforts under that statute must have reference to that fact. We are niggardly in appropriations for even so little enforcement as that. This year the Federal Narcotics Bureau is all but penniless. We devote to enforcement at the best only about one-third of the receipts from licenses and penalties.

The state legislation on this subject is a joke. Few states have any law worthy of the name. Once the stuff is across our borders it can be circulated by mail or express with impunity; even in case of arrest and conviction, penalties almost everywhere are ridiculously inadequate. And because of its small bulk, $2,000 worth can be carried in a hollow walking-stick. A trunkful can be checked without interference from Maine to California.

We are in no position to put on airs. When we do so, any other nation can point to our feeble patchwork of legislation and enforcement, and laugh in our faces. So far as immediate results are concerned, the situation seems quite hopeless. The essential need first is to acquire adequate legislation, a uniform narcotics law, cooperation between federal and state governments. Prerequisite to that is to confront the constitutional obstacles which prevent our keeping the promise that we made to the world more than fifteen years ago when we made ourselves party to an international pledge to limit production.

Prerequisite to all, in this country or any other, is an awakening of the public conscience and the public intelligence. On this subject the world is doped. So, whether much comes of it or little, or nothing at all, it will be valuable to watch Signor Cavazzoni at Geneva, as he smiles and "spills the beans."

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Discourse on Reading after Thirty-Five

I PERSONALLY have never met a grown-up, even in the mirror. Nor have I found one described in a catalog or stuffed in a museum. The people I have discovered posing as grown up to impress their friends or scare their children were fakes: they knew rather less about life than a rural idiot. For it is a plain fact that in seventy years nobody can grow up in this vast universe. We remain children, as all the wise old men have declared. The only evidence for being grown up I can think of is to deny that growing up is possible. For which, I add, the gods be thanked!

Ergo, I cannot descant on the virtues of grown-up reading. We shall first have to produce a grown-up author. But there remains something to be said about reading at different ages, especially in the mid-span after thirty-five when the musculature stops growing, when we are married, at work, and have children. My friend Kategoricus, philosopher of the filing department, insists there are three ages in reading—in youth for romance, in mid-span for guidance, in age for consolation. That is the half-truth we do get out of the files. The real truth is we always read for guidance and escape, but in youth this means love, in mid-life, tasks, in age, the cautious reconnaissance of death and the wan desire to get through the slowly emptying days by recapturing *le temps perdu* in religion or reminiscences.

For example, why do grown-ups read? Surely, to escape from being grown up for a little while. We need rest and recreation. It's a hard life and that certainly excuses some infantile regressions. Next, we read for vocational guidance —that is, professional reading on the job—or for help in domestic relations. It is inspiring, yet full of pathos, to see modern adults searching books on psychology and education to get wisdom for the adjustments of everyday life, or to chart the rocks for the onrushing generation. Third, for culture. Bacon wrote: "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." We ornament ourselves with books as we do with new styles. To be up-to-date, to know what is going on and how to talk of current books is the urge behind much reading, as you can find by pursuing the humorous advertisements of volumes guaranteed to increase your social prestige. Intimacy with books is still a caste-mark. Then come the books of vicarious experience read sometimes just to enjoy romance with Lawrence in Arabia, or Beebe fishing under the sea; but oftener, as with biography, to test one's own life by learning what others have made of living and what their conclusions on the mystery are. Last, plainly, we read to keep up our courage. We seek books that give meaning to life, that lend the race dignity and tradition, that make us sharers in art, science, and religion through the ages so we may merge our ephemeral and atom-like being in an august processional. We gain faith, and this is the supreme gift of reading. To be happy we need to read for all these ends—for work, for rest, and for faith. To the grown-up (as our vanity names us) free from youth's fever and still spared the chill of age, yet for a moment servant of both ere he passes on, books are an armor, a tool, and a couch at evening.

Here we may ask whether seeking all these fine gifts, our generation does not read too much. The day's work leaves us nerve-weary and flaccid—and reading is so easy! Books are the cheapest narcotic procurable without a prescription. Even the movies make us put on our hats and take a walk. God forbid we should not have books for rest and forgetfulness, but they do provoke sloth and lay fat on the brain. How many sharpen thought or quicken emotion? Reading is passive, and so shares the universal defect of all our machine-made recreations. The reader may avoid doing anything to *re-create* himself. He submits—to the radio, the play, the automobile, the printed page. He hopes to get a robust brain or spirit just as he desires to get thin or strong in a Turkish bath or under the hands of a masseur instead of by exercise or discipline of the appetites. Literature is the race-phantasy, and over-indulgence in phantasy is weakening.

Moreover, if reading were not so easy and the cult of books by tradition so respectable, we might be *doing* something, creating something, if only a stamp collection or specimens of pressed flowers. At least we'd get some geography or botany and put hands back on the ends of our arms, as Sherwood Anderson says. Reading kills our playful hobbies. How few of us these days dance on the green or write real letters or carpenter or garden, join choral societies, play charades, or even invent stories for our children. Mr. Chaplin or Mr. Milne have all the fun. Yet from people at play (and worship) came poetry, folk-lore, drama, opera. The rich humus of generations of playful amateurs provides the seed-bed of genius. I wonder where American books will come from when the West and South are suburbanized, and the last Negro spiritual exploited. Reading in a way is killing literature. Soon we shall have nothing left for books to be books about, except other books and people who get their ideas out of books. Yes, grown-ups especially may love books, not wisely, but too well.

THIS suggests that grown-ups can by discretion help weed out bad books. "Buy a book a week" should be met with the terrible question, Why? Whose book? What's in it? Is it the thrice-watered dregs of old ideas? Is it the record by some young thing of her discovery that life is real, life is earnest? Is it a pundit displaying the high art of footnotery? We are old enough to have standards. That means, for one thing, grown-up readers need grown-up critics. They should be spared poor books and guided to-

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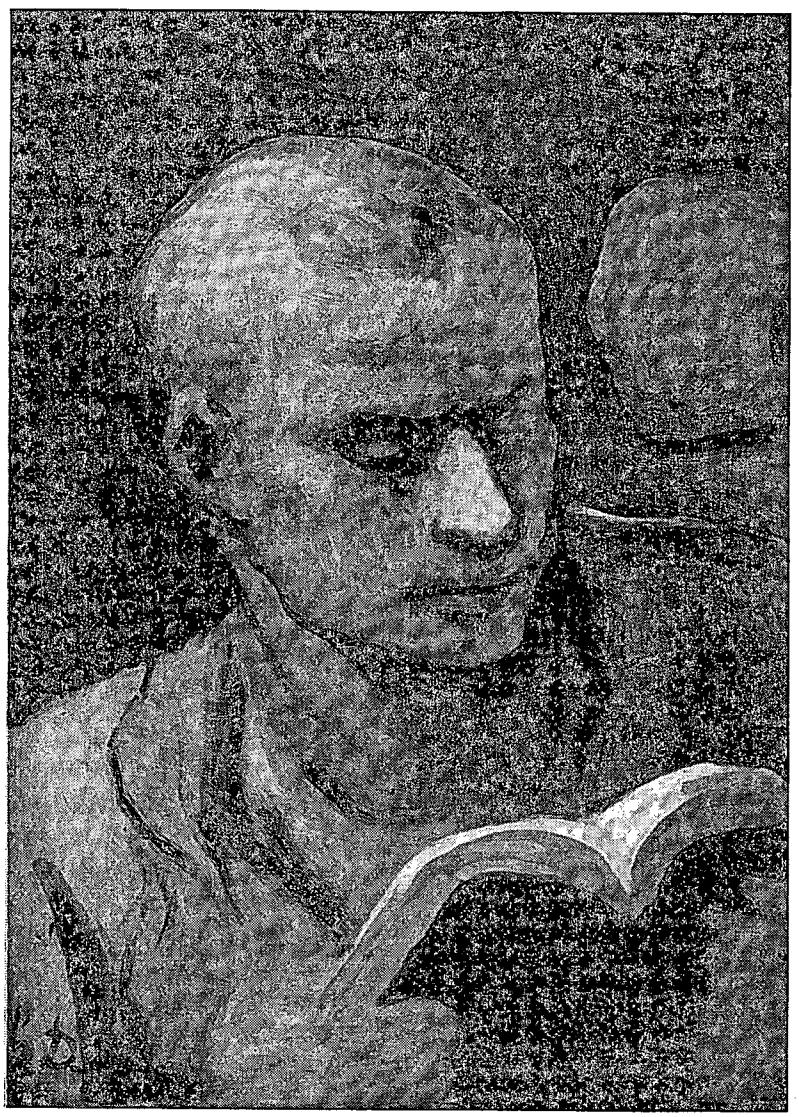
ward good ones without a waste of precious time and energy. The various book-of-the-month groups are under a heavy responsibility; to send out a book to from 5,000 to 50,000 readers is a social duty, not a stunt. It is my opinion that we have a surprising number of honest and intelligent critics; but far too much of our criticism is still entrusted to bright young men who treat books romantically, taste them with untrained palates, and write of them for cleverness' sake. They suffer from glamor, and believe in the literary life as an end in itself. We grown-ups need critics of our critics.

Indeed, the constant interference of youth with our reading is an impertinence. They have been dictators of our fiction and text-books. One hope of adult education is that it will produce texts on the matters and in the styles that interest grown-ups. Tweny years ago, artists complained because American novels were written for the *jeune fille* and so were filled with pap and taffy. Times have changed; many books are still written for youth, but instead of being too sweet and sappy they are too hot and puzzling. What amuses Seraphina may corrupt Dad. But despite this new freedom, we still submit to censorships on our reading to protect our children. Books are such universal currency that they have to be watered down to the stomachs and experience of the adolescent. This seems inescapable, yet it does deprive us of certain tough-minded case-books on life, in fiction or history or biography, that we need to help solve the stern problems we face. We should have access to the esoteric, even erotic, without youth peering over our shoulders. What I suggest is a new language to be taught at the age of thirty, and kept an Appolynian mystery among the oath-bound seniors. But maybe words do mean something different after thirty-five. Love, for instance.



Courtesy Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington

THE READER
By Honoré Daumier

BUT if we keep one shelf for ourselves, we should know what's on youth's shelf. It seems one of the innumerable jobs of parents to see what their children are reading. Here we have a slim chance of slipping within their skins to find out what they are thinking and what they admire. If we find Little Women replaced by Men Without Women, we have learned something—though what's to be done with the knowledge I do not know. It might give us something to talk about with youth, and out of talk between generations, if done honestly and with equality, much good arises. Through common reading we may become friends with our children and that is so difficultly worth doing as to justify our boredom when we find how silly their seemingly dreadful books are—just as ours were.

Looking toward the west and sunset, I have a downright prescription to offer. I *know* grown-ups should read one kind of book—that on how to grow old. If growing up seems a hard task, growing down is infinitely harder. The schooling for it should begin in time. It seems only by the rarest accident that anybody learns how to get ready to die. Therefore, young Fat-and-Forty, while you yet have your courage, read a little on age and death. Substitute De Senectute for Virginibus Puerisque, and study how to wrap your mantle around you like a king who seeks his couch. There would be a great peace in this land if people had been disciplined in how to grow old with dignity. That is an adult education worth our pains. It will not do to procrastinate. We should get reconciled to this inevitable companion before it sneaks up to challenge and disrupt and surprise us into snarling resentment, striking out in all directions, chiefly at our own children, who aged us. If a man got used to growing old by the time he was sixty and prepared his mind, he'd probably live to be a hundred, enjoy a glorious sunset, and pass out bestowing benisons.

Grown-ups, we need sympathy! Having devoted a century to the cult of the child and gotten as far along as the experimental school, society is now going to try to redeem itself through us. Of the child we say, "Drat the brat! He wastes his freedom in riotous living. I can't be forever keeping him from having a sense of falling or hearing loud noises. Give him his head and he runs amuck. Rein him in and he gets a psychosis. Let's see what we can do with nice sensible adults." Well, our psychoses are fixed—if that is any help. But I fear I am too old to try to reform grown-ups by reading-lists. I have done a power of reading—and look at me. My unregenerate advice is: Read what you want when you want—and have faith in the Lord.

LEON WHIPPLE

(*Book reviews continued on page* 54)

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"Ego"

ABOUT OURSELVES, *by H. A. Overstreet. Norton and Co. 300 pp. Price $3 postpaid of The Survey.*
LIFE AND I, *by Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin. 307 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

TO be in this life means to have a conscious ego. The ego is the root of us, the root of most of our troubles. It causes us to be lonely, to become vain and selfish, to achieve brave deeds, to seek self-respect, to compare ourselves with others, and finally to desire to merge our tiny consciousness in some vast and enduring unity that will give us peace. This generation more than any seeks to discipline and use the ego: It will find wisdom and help in these two volumes—the one a psychologist's simple and popular study of the ego as an everyday puzzle; the other, the garnered fruit of a biographer's study of souls, tender, learned and hopeful.

Overstreet first catalogs the diverse ways in which our ego makes fools of us when it is not at peace with itself, or Nature, or the other egos. We try to escape life by going back to childish pretense; or fix ourselves at certain levels that seem safe; or puff up our egos to justify our desires; or claim to be persecuted to explain our failures. We get phobias rooted in us from fear or a sense of guilt; and we even "fly into disease" because the sick are spared and protected. Our emotions get misplaced and our thinking divorces itself from facts so we begin to think what we "wish" to be true. The author gives plenty of cases, not only those extreme ones that verge on insanity, but those you are likely to know about in the next house—or your own! For this is, we are happy to record, for normal folks; its purpose is to guide sensible people away from pitfalls, and it uses abnormal cases only for examples because they magnify our everyday ego-mistakes.

The second part studies some ways we can build up a sound psychic life, for the author believes the cure for sins in self depends on developing the whole personality. We must rid ourselves of false fears; we must face facts; we must *do* something, not stew in our own juice. He is particularly pointed on the process of "sublimation"—a panacea that is easier to talk about than to apply. His general prescription is to cultivate an expansive, active, inter-creating personality that is fluid, that seeks growth, and embraces all life. After our physiological self is healthy, then we must seek expansiveness and rhythm in music, in beauty for the eye, in poetry, in talk, and even in laughter. The chapters on these releases for the bridled and explosive ego are full of good sense.

The ideas are not novel, but they are put with human understanding and a rich suggestiveness for personal conduct and self-testing. The technical psychologist will no doubt rage because his polished techniques are here popularized. But of what use is a study of the ego unless it is understood by people? The duty of a popular book is to be popular. The real criticism of Professor Overstreet's keen and useful book is that it, like others of its ki ', is better on telling what is the matter with us than in giving specific remedies by which we can lift ourselves by our own bootstraps. It is impossible for the ego to handle its own ego; we need to borrow comfort, strength and perspective from without, some katalytic to start our own cure. This volume omits the functions of the expert counselor made familiar in the Freudian system; and even more strangely, the divine help of religion. If this expansiveness we are told of can take in love, and art, and people, surely it can go the final way and find some larger peace that we call God.

LETTERS & LIFE
(*Continued from page* 53)

THAT is what Gamaliel Bradford does in the last half of his autobiography of humanity, called Life and I. The I here is not the author but the human soul. It is studied in its relation to love, power, beauty, and thought, as it seeks in turn to realize itself and create meaning in the world by each of these great powers. Mr. Bradford is traversing much of the battlefield on which Professor Overstreet has set up his first-aid station, but he has a larger view of the struggle, "the greatest dramatic struggle of the world, that between the I and the not-I." His case-material was gained in the intimate study of great or damaged souls, for recording which he invented his masterly psychography; and he adds as evidence, quotation after quotation out of vast reading among the wise. His style is clear and noble; his ideas not new but deep; and his final conclusions and contrasts and summations a kind of *vade mecum* of this life. The book is beautiful and wise, to be compared with Havelock Ellis' Dance of Life (though more intellectual) and The Education of Henry Adams (though free from Adams' pessimism). In the central chapter on Christ and I, he reveals what to him is "the greatest agency ever developed for overcoming the I;" and in the final note he discovers the true peace of the ego in the mystic union with the One Unity. "The I is the triumph, the climax, the incarnation of multiplicity. It can find its peace only in complete absorption in the Unity which is all pervading and final." Surely, also, it brings home to Unity some new truth and beauty from the passions and sufferings it has endured.

LEON WHIPPLE

Mountain Men

WOLF SONG, *by Harvey Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pp. $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

IN a time when fiction is made into almost all things save a story, there comes this tale of men who lived life hard, who hunted it down for its own swift sake. They never lost touch with it; they never grew away from it. They were part of the land; they were bone of its bone. From such sources spring strong men. Wolf Song is no weak echo but the deep cry of all nature. Harvey Fergusson gets close to the earth and its people. Thus he has the power to make us feel life with them.

Here he gives us the Southwest of ninety years ago, when life was cheap and a matter of luck, when hidden springs spouted silver and gold, when the trappers were hell-bent on sprees. Down from the hills and into the valley they rode—whiskey and skirts and chile con carne for men who had fasted on wild meat for months! They feasted and played while the mood was on them, they rested there till the change came over them. Then into their saddles and back to the streams and timber, to freeze and starve in the snows, to hunt and trap in the spring—back to the wilderness. The mountains cast the spell, yet "no man ever quit them till he got rubbed out."

We follow the fortunes of Sam Lash, whose people came from Virginia, who grew up in a Kentucky cabin. There he ran wild, fought his way into lean, hot youth. Hunting and hazards were his passions. So he broke away to follow the crowd that rolled a slow tide of wagons toward the buffalo prairies beyond, to the Indian country where "fat men, fools and cowards" cannot live. How he tested his hard-bitten strength and proved himself a mountain man,

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how he met his match and found his mate, forms the thread of Wolf Song.

It is a gorgeous Indian blanket of a story spread for us, tight-woven of supple prose, bright with the color of distant days. Its borders are stained with blood and sweat, with the wine of violence spilled on lost edges of the world. Its bold pattern is the record of free men. In a soft age, safe in pale pursuits, it holds the contrast of those careless dead, the challenge of "atoms of unconquerable life."

HALLE SCHAFFNER

New Regimes Along the Baltic

NEW GOVERNMENTS OF EASTERN EUROPE, *by Malbone W. Graham, Jr. 826 pp. with several charts and maps. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THIS is a substantial addition to the American political Science Series edited by Edward S. Corwin, and companion volume of Professor Graham's New Governments of Central Europe.

It was more or less unavoidable that such a work should smell of the study and the scissors rather than of research in the field. It is too early to expect first-hand surveys of the new conditions accompanying and following the revolutions and readjustments consequent upon the World War. Nevertheless it is both interesting and illuminating, and indispensable for an understanding of what has happened and is happening in the whole great region to which it devotes itself; that is, Russia, Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Poland. One gets a very clear view of the historic background of these fragments of the former Russian empire, all of them now independent and in various stages of self-determination.

Space limits forbid any attempt to deal with this volume in detail—to say nothing of the fact that precise criticism could be made only on the basis of more thorough information than the present reviewer can claim. Few Americans are equipped with thorough knowledge of these lands, geographically neighbors but representing each its own racial and historical individuality. The outstanding characteristic is Professor Graham's scrupulous effort to be objective and accurate.

J. P. G.

America Turning the Course of Fate

FINDING HIS WORLD. *The Story of Arthur E. Morgan, by Lucy Griscom Morgan. Kahoe and Spieth. 108 pp.*
MY WORLD, *by Arthur E. Morgan. Kahoe and Spieth. 111 pp.*

AMERICA disturbs. Hardly has the world made up its mind about America when some new startling incomprehensible fact requires it to make up its mind all over again. As a boy in England I have been stoned for no greater offense than riding an obviously American bicycle; before the war, German women have sneered the word *"Amerikaner"* in my hearing; and in both England and Germany, nevertheless, I have been received with the warmest of welcomes and quizzed in sincere and friendly curiosity about the phenomenon called America. All sorts of conflicting tales are told to explain us, but strange as we are—even to ourselves—the best understanding of us may be had very simply by a study of pictures of such men as Arthur E. Morgan, founder of Antioch College. A loving and understanding wife has told a part of his story in Finding His World; and the man himself has told another part in My World.

America is not Europe. The picture of Arthur E. Morgan, pioneer, farmer, odd-jobber, student always, ideal-

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ist, good boy puzzled by theology, wanderer, ambitious plodder and dreamer with a faith in himself unjustified by any act or deed of his own, a learner growing through experiences, and, finally, the inventive executive of some of America's amazing feats of engineering—this picture will give one a hint of the naïve and original thing slowly developing in these states which the world sweepingly dubs American.

America moves forward, for one thing; and with a magnificent and amusing indifference to precedents. Here is a snap-shot out of the life of the elder Morgan and his brother Esquire, lads of sixteen and eighteen splitting rails in the backwoods of Indiana, then the edge of the frontier:

> They were working on a particularly tough log that was crossgrained and full of knots. Suddenly Esquire stopped driving in the wedge with his maul and said,
> "John, I'm tired of this; let's go to Minnesota."
> "All right," Father replied, "when shall we start?"
> "Let's start right soon," said Esquire.
> "All right," said Father, "we'll start next week."
> "Oh, no," Esquire contended, "let's go now."
> "All right, then, we will start tomorrow."
> Esquire was still more impatient and insisted that "now" was sooner than that. Father acquiesced again and said,
> "Just as soon as we finish splitting this log we will go to the house."
> Esquire was still unsatisfied and Father was still willing to accelerate arrangements, so he said, "Just wait till I knock this wedge out of the log and we will go right now."
> "Oh, let the old wedge stay there," Esquire exclaimed, and so they did, and marched off to the house and then for Minnesota.

The American thing is unselfish, idealistic and truly religious. Therefore it probes into the marrow of existing institutions including even the ancient religious one. It wants to know the way of life. It will not be content with myth and silence. In the search for the meaning of life the story of one American boy is in these documents, but it is all America in little: he suffers, he is thwarted, at times he almost loses faith in any ideal, but with a healthy gusto he fares along, scrutinizing the world, calling himself to account daily, changing his mind about the most fundamental things, seeing only a little way ahead but confident always that the road will take him out eventually.

As the journey lengthens he sums up his findings fearlessly. In fine temper and with not a trace of fanaticism he tells what he has found. Courage in facing the facts is an element in the American thing, and it is illustrated here abundantly. He discovers no evidence, for instance, of a guiding providence and he sees no use for such evidence if found. And with characteristic American practicality he ties this conclusion up with the theme of the job:

> I think I should prefer to discover myself in a world that is without a plan in which my part is preordained. If an omniscient and omnipotent deity has made his completed plan for creation from the beginning, and is carrying it out according to the preordained program, what am I but his plaything? On the other hand, if, in the fortuitous course of events, or in the working out of a purpose that is struggling into being, mankind has come into a world without a finished plan, then can man be, in a part at least, a creator of his own destiny. In that case it matters much how I live, for I may be turning the course of fate.

Here is hinted, perhaps, the essential difference that marks the American from all other men, his deep if inarticulated conviction that it much matters how he lives, for he is indeed turning the course of fate!

HUGHES MEARNS

New York University

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IS ADULT ART MODERN ART?

(*Continued from page* 25)

which aims to synthesize nature and human nature. But the question still remains whether Modern Art is, *per se,* Adult Art. It is to be said that the synthesis described is precisely the synthesis that marks modern life in most of its significant manifestations. In one form or another, it is the essence of the Youth Movement, the Labor Movement, the New Psychology, the New Sociology, the New Religion. In all of these, as in Modern Art, there is a striving toward new realities, a courageous assertion of the individual, a hopeful reaching toward surer gods.

Yet with all this evidence, and on my part an undeniable will to believe, I question whether it follows that modern art is adult art. If to be adult is to like what it is "the thing" to like, then it does follow. But . . . over on that wall is a reproduction of a Cézanne water color, and below it a Renoir pastel; above the fireplace is a still-life by Vlaminck, and nearby a black and white by Adolph Dehn, and a colored drawing by Signac; here is a self-portrait by Vincent Canadé, and beside it a canvas by Cedric Morris; while above my desk is a 1913 Marin. My landlady so vehemently hates these things that I suppose they must be fair examples of modern art. But then, she likes this Christmas card etching and she adores this aquatint bearing the Season's Greetings. Is my landlady, then, so much less adult than I? I doubt it. She runs a house; I fool with paints. Let the world of adults study art for a year; their tastes at the end, however "improved," would vary as much as they did in the beginning. Which is as it should be. . . . *Adult art is the art that adults themselves enjoy.* It is not the art that critics, embalmers, authorities, interior decorators or artists tell them is adultly enjoyable.

Wherefore the moral: Like what you do like, and change when you change; *but look all the time.* That is being adult, and a long sight more adult than most adults have the nerve to be.

MARRIAGES THAT DID AND DIDN'T

(*Continued from page* 31)

marital success, beside which income, occupation and the like paled. The failure of the women to find release in sexual experience was markedly greater than that of the men. It seemed to emerge as an important explanation of their more critical attitude and their greater disappointment in marriage. Elaborate analyses of childish and adolescent experience and education detailed in the volume which will report the whole study, will be of great interest to students of personal and social hygiene, but they are too complicated and individual in their implications to be summarized here.

This whole frank record of two hundred unusually intelligent and successful people shows considerable deviation from what lay writers and even professional students of sex problems have been accustomed to stress as "normal," yet in many instances these deviations seemed to have had no unfavorable effect on either personal or matrimonial success. Obviously no valid generalizations can be made on the experience of so small a group. Yet in such findings, taken for what they are and compared and correlated with the other facts that will mount up as people dare to look scientifically at that most sacrosanct tabu—human behavior—must lie the foundation of a real understanding of the pranks and problems of grown-ups. On the negative side, such a study as this underscores once more the absurd attempt of many of us to lay down or accept dogmatic rules in a field which still is fogged by ignorance and custom, and envisaged chiefly through the colored glasses of individual experience, or its lack.

HOW THE LIVING FAITH OF ONE SOCIAL WORKER GREW

(*Continued from page* 43)

of the brotherhood of man?" As we walked along we wondered if it would be possible to continue this brotherhood process if the two great powers of labor and capital could find a common meeting place of cooperation instead of the battlefield of competition. (*Continued on page* 58)

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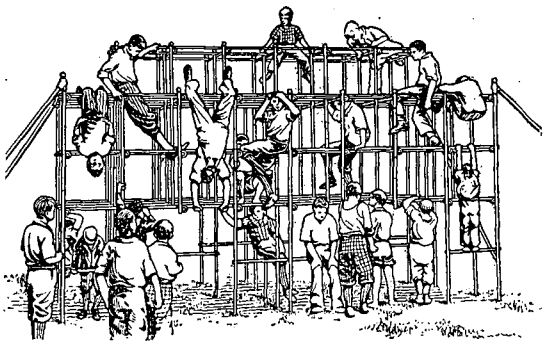

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One day after the strike a young man asked to see me and handed me a letter of introduction. He had come to gather material for the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Socialist movement, he announced, and I laughed at his sublime consciousness of power. For the next weeks, he came and went, asking his questions. The first edition of The Jungle, sent to me, was such unpleasant reading I found it difficult to continue. It was filled with half truths mixed with original creations of personalities. It was on the whole an indictment of the industrial system's cruel ignorance of the human element so essential to its working. The Jungle put into one period conditions which had been true fifteen years before, but which had been gradually changed. Yet so much remained of sanitary evils which this awful story revealed even to the owners themselves, that they were compelled later to reform radically. Upton Sinclair did not, as he had hoped, change labor conditions, for The Jungle nauseated but did not convict America. The nation's stomach was disturbed but its conscience was left at ease. Legislation in the interest of sanitation was promoted but labor was left as it had been. It took a strike of six weeks—with all the attendant publicity and this novel of unsavory proportions—to reveal, to those in power in the packing industry, conditions that they had not before taken time from their balance-sheets to discover. It is only fair to remember the brief period in which the old-time slaughter houses had risen into an industry of marvelous specialization using the most modern machinery that wasted nothing but human stuff. Its mushroom growth was the only excuse one could offer for the conditions revealed by the strike and The Jungle.

During the strike I learned what lay perhaps at the bottom of Samuel Gompers' mind when he used to anathematize those who would treat labor as a "commodity." On Labor Day I walked through the "Yards" where an ominous quiet prevailed. My companion was an economist of note who interpreted to me as we went along his theory of the "standard of living." All the time I was thinking of the twenty-two thousand human beings, many of them my neighbors, who wanted better homes, better clothes, better food, and more education for their children. These were some of the things they meant by "a decent American standard." We came to an open space between buildings and there we saw Greeks from Macedonia dancing their native dance to the music of the primitive goatskin pipe, and another group chanting their national songs. They were keeping our Labor Day after their own fashion, all the while ignorant of the part they were playing in the tragic drama that engrossed our community. For they were strike-breakers. The *padrone* explained he had brought this load of labor from the port of entry; that they were receiving large wages as well as lodging in the packing plants during the strike. "And where will you go next?" asked the economist, for the end of the strike was in sight. "Wherever we are needed," answered the purveyor of this commodity of labor.

While real wages are not so much higher today, work is steadier and on the whole conditions are better both because of prohibition and because of a lessening of immigration that gave an over-supply of labor which has been too long considered an integral part of specialized industry.

MY education at first hand as to the labor struggle had its counterpart in my education as to civic growth. The attitude of Chicago's dominant industry in regard to sanitary conditions was not very different from that of the city government. I recall a sanitary inspector who found a tenement basement below the level of the sidewalk. The odors were sickening. "What's one more smell in this neighborhood anyway?" he asked.

This low standard of the municipality put its stamp on a neighborhood a few blocks west of our house. Here the garbage dumps adjoined the cottages of workers. When we complained and showed that the local death-rate of babies that year was higher than the city rate, we were told that unless there was public opinion demanding a better system of disposal, the city could not vote the necessary appropriation. It then became my duty to make that public opinion.

In 1911 I visited Europe to learn the best method of disposal of city refuse. I returned with facts, figures and pictures and began a campaign running over many months. At the

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hearing before the Finance Committee of the City Council, an educated lawyer argued for one of these unsanitary nuisances on the ground that in every large city "there must be a place segregated for unpleasant things;" and "of course," he said, "the people there are generally not sensitive." I had known that city administrations and some large interests had acted in line with such a belief, but never before had I heard it so frankly stated and in the presence of those of us who lived in the midst of these nuisances he was arguing for.

Our social faith has always demanded for the neediest children the best conditions and here was a man pleading—on grounds of saving money—for conditions that were injuring the health of children and brutalizing a whole community. Fortunately he made his plea to politicians who were conscious that that room in the City Hall was crowded with voters from the very district which this gentleman wished segregated for unpleasant things. He lost his case. They laughed him to scorn most heartily and healthily.

THERE has come to me a reverence for human beings, and a humility in the presence of their struggles, out of the ignorance and injustice that I have had to face every day. As Canon Barnett tells us, in The Service of God, "Civic duty is a religious duty and there is religion in citizenship." A time came when it seemed the logical next step for me to carry over into public service the results of my experiences throughout the years in a community of immigrants and wage-earners. I reasoned that in this changing local community the problems are similar to those that the city as a whole must solve; I took courage and accepted the responsibility tendered me by Mayor Dever to rehabilitate the Department of Public Welfare. This was the social department of the city government which had been sabotaged by eight years of an administration utterly ignorant of what social welfare meant to a city the size of Chicago. I recalled Robert Woods' prophetic words "that the isolated philanthropy of one generation becomes the organized social work of the next, and the public charge of the third." My four years in public service called on all that I had lived through in the thirty years "back of the Yards." The office had to meet differences between colored and white unionists, between employer and employes during a strike. The problems of individuals in need of advice and help constantly demanded my attention, and I sought the cooperation of all the social agencies and educational institutions in bringing the social attitude into the public service.

As soon as the Bureau of Social Surveys of the department was running efficiently, we began to study and report on the city's critical and immediate needs. A Study of Living Conditions Among Small Wage Earners, with special reference to the Negroes and Mexicans (the migrants who had come after the war to supply the need in our great industries), revealed the bad housing conditions of these workers who had been lured north by the promise of high wages and by sensational advertising.

Our report stirred a public opinion that the Welfare Department at once utilized by calling an all-day conference on housing for small wage-earners, which resulted in the appointment of a Housing Commision by the City Council. This, perhaps, seemed to be above all else the *raison d'être* for my coming into the city's service. What we as individual settlements or even as a federation had hoped to do for housing can in a large way be accomplished only by the city itself.

We cannot see that the present administration has furthered this "high thinking," but the city has been stirred to agitation for better housing, for easier financing and two large building schemes are afloat by responsible people. When shelter for human beings is seen to be as fundamental to health as sunshine and fresh air, the public will provide sanitary homes for unskilled workers. This essential of wholesome living can no more be left to speculative profit than can pure drinking water or public cleanliness of streets and alleys. The fears that are growing out of the people's desire for better and more things, coupled with the high cost of living, may become "a specter to frighten us into action, so that we may come into a better understanding of how to satisfy the fundamental need for shelter."

(*Continued on page* 60)

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"The machinery of democracy is of little avail," says Hobhouse, "unless the will of the people is set upon high things, such as better conditions of living, and better wages for the workers." If our faith can be brought to bear upon this larger opportunity offered in the political field, we may lose out in an election but we need not lose out in putting over a program built upon the conviction that a city is of and for its people.

IT was back of the Stock Yards that I first realized my international relations—no nation, as no individual, can live to itself alone—for it was my next-door neighbors of Bohemian birth who opened the door to friendship with the president of the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. In 1903 when Thomas G. Masaryk came to the University of Chicago to lecture on The Problems of the Small Nations, he brought a letter to me from a mutual acquaintance. We heard at his lecture his dream of a United States of Central Europe and we learned to know this great man, so akin to our Lincoln in his faith in the plain people, his tolerance and understanding of the human element in political life. President Masaryk was perfectly at home in our playground, sitting with the children, or in the settlement among the neighbors who spoke his language. He saw in our heterogeneous community the same possibilities that he sees today in his new republic with its conflicting nationalities. He shared with us his faith that tolerance and good understanding will in time, there as here, bring about what Switzerland has even been able to develop—a nation of different peoples, even with different languages, but with a common purpose.

My early neighbors have prospered or died off in the struggle of getting their roots into this soil of a new land. One has to confess that the quota law has given to the families here a chance to get ahead materially and has to a degree seemed to stabilize the day's work in the "Yards." Meanwhile my neighborship with Poles, Lithuanians, and Bohemians has led to acquaintance and cooperation across the seas. My simple foreign-born neighbors have helped me open the space between the old countries and the new. Their experiences, their prejudices, their superstitions and their standards revealed the oneness of life for all of us and the necessity of intelligent understanding between peoples as well as between governments. This experience made it easy for me to sit down with the remarkable Secretariat at Geneva and accept the League of Nations as a world necessity, if we are to make real a "Peace on Earth and Good Will Among Men."

It was at Geneva while discussing with Professor Gilbert Murray the difficulties ahead of the League of Nations, that he said an impressive thing which I cannot forget:

In the second year of the league it seemed perhaps as if we could never learn to reason together because of the age-old prejudices of the small nations. One day the situation was chaotic. Every small nation was unreasonable, when suddenly it was as if a miracle happened. Czecho-Slovakia's delegate arose in the assembly. He had lived and studied in your city where so many different peoples of many languages live together in peace, working out a new civilization. Because in that new-country life he had shed his old country prejudices, he was able in a few words to quiet their turbulent minds. Peace prevailed, and we were able to reason together.

And again Gilbert Murray repeated, "It is a new civilization you are developing in your country."

Surely this is worth fighting for: a civilization that will give every group—black and white, Jew and Gentile, people of all nations—freedom and tolerance. Perhaps with this faith we may secure what President Masaryk expects for his republic—more of a vital religion that concedes and even compromises to bring about the understanding.

It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that.

Thirty odd years of living near to those in the struggle for existence have made my early impressions freshly important for me and brought to my religious life a meaning that grows in value. It has been among folks that I have felt that Power not myself working for righteousness, revealing the "contemporary Christ" in the midst of the city of many nations, races and faiths. I now see a new civilization developing that we must work out in good understanding and good will.

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CITIZENS IN TRANSIT

(*Continued from page* 45)

all; but the modern college gives us no common body of knowledge and therefore gives us no partnership in it. When the younger Pitt, in his valedictory address on leaving the House of Commons, described his own career and his relations to British life and the public, he quoted fourteen lines from Horace. There was one line in the middle of that quotation: "I wrap myself in the sublime dignity of my own achievements." This he omitted, but recited the balance of the quotation in Latin and the whole house arose and cheered his restraint in leaving out that one line.

The significance of the incident, of course, is not merely that legislative bodies have changed! It is this: In that great body of men there was enough sense of partnership in a common body of knowledge to create a feeling of solidarity among the educated. But nowadays, when I talk with a man who has been to college, I go away feeling that he knows a lot of things I don't know; and he would say the same of me. The necessary specialization of our colleges has deprived mankind of such a cement of partnership. Adult education must replace it. We must learn those things as to our common life and activities that we do not learn in college, as those common things that come from repose of mind were learned by people who lived among their traditions.

To my mind the processes of adult education will improve the processes of government. They will spread the knowledge people have of the problems of welfare growing out of our adjustment as individuals to our social and economic environment. As that improvement takes place, private philanthropy will be able to hand over to the public authorities larger and larger areas of its domain. And finally, in that unattainable future in which all ideals belong, the public authorities will take care of the present work of our community chests and the public itself will bring broad sympathy to the aid of public authority.

PUTTING AWAY CHILDISH THINGS

(*Continued from page* 15)

investments; (2) one who is under no compulsion either to do or not to do, but who is free to act, or not to act, in accordance with the realities of any given situation; and (3) one who is able to adjust to an inalterable situation with a minimum of conflict.

It is not possible to deal with this definition completely here, but we can discuss at least one important aspect of it.

Our difficulty comes in taking conduct whether good or bad at its face value. Much spurious coin is therefore passed, and when we find we have accepted something spurious, we are confused, as we have no idea how it came about. Conduct can never be taken at its face value, whether it is the conduct of the archbishop, or the conduct of a notorious delinquent. (I am not referring to any conscious deception.) To use an illustration which I have used elsewhere*: A blind man stands holding out his cup. A benign-looking gentleman steps forward and drops a quarter into the cup. A few minutes later a less benign-looking gentleman steps up and takes the quarter from the cup.

Here are two diametrically opposed actions—one "good," one "bad." There is a common denominator, however, to both actions. Although two actions seem to have been performed, as a matter of fact, there was only one action performed; or one action performed twice. Both did exactly the same thing, really—it is not asserted that this is true in every case of giving and stealing—and both acts were blind, and both acts were compulsive (i.e., each had to do the thing he did—not necessarily the precise thing he did but something that would serve as an emotional equivalent), and both acts are equally "bad," the "badness" lying in the blind and compulsive nature of the act, rather than in the act itself. (*Continued on page* 62)

* Can Youth Be Coerced? by Frankwood E. Williams, M.D., in Mental Hygiene of Normal Childhood. (A series of lectures delivered in Buffalo, N. Y., January and February, 1927. Published by the Buffalo Mental Hygiene Council.)

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Each of these men is wrestling with the same emotional problem; one has found one solution, the other another. It does not really matter that one solution is socially "good" (let us call it so for the sake of argument), and the other "bad." The thing that really matters is the problem itself. The one who a few minutes ago used the "bad" solution, will not always utilize this—a few hours later he may be trying out (quite blindly) the distinguished-looking gentleman's solution. The distinguished gentleman will not always utilize the solution we have just seen him exhibit—no sooner has he reached his office than he may, a bit more subtly perhaps, but just as surely (and just as blindly) use the other man's solution. We praise the one for his kindliness, and count him one of the pillars of the community; but his potentiality for harm exceeds that of goodness-knows-how-many whose dark wrestle with the same problem got them in the lock-up.

Placing the first man as a pillar in the social structure places the structure in jeopardy; he is wholly undependable, and in a crisis—even, indeed, without one—he is likely to crumble. Placing the other man, really far less dangerous, in jail does not protect society except for the comparatively few days he is actually there. The thing that is wrong with both of these men is that each is reacting in accordance with an infantile pattern to an infantile conflict, and in that sense neither has "grown up." Their "crime" is "immaturity." To put it this way does not necessarily change our essential social attitude toward the two men. We would not reverse the situation of the two—lock up the banker and put the thief in the banker's office. We may still socially approve the one above the other; but we shall be on guard against both. The "good" man's advice, especially about "good" things, we shall take with tons of salt; in the case of the "bad" man, we shall know both what it will not be worth our while to do and what it may be worth our while to do, should we set about to "reform" him.

All we have said would be unimportant did the little incident we have related stand alone. It was simplified, of course, for clearness. But these things never stand alone. They are important as parts of great wholes. A wife who submits to sexual intercourse only through a sense of duty may be unfair to her husband, but if that were all, it would not be a matter of great social importance. Such a condition, however, is not an isolated one; it does not stand alone; it is but a part of an emotional disorganization and lack of maturity that permeates the entire life of the woman and affects her every human contact.

Some of the less obvious signs of emotional immaturity, that indicate a state of emotional disorganization or maldevelopment sufficient to handicap the individual personally and to affect his social usefulness in ways unimagined either by the individual or others, may be mentioned:

Individuals who are incapable of living an adult sex life and finding satisfaction, pleasure, and healthful stimulation in it.

Frigid wives, or those who submit to marital relations with disgust.

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Men who would rather "mother" their children than provide for them.

Husbands who are more devoted to their mothers than to their wives.

Men and women shy and self-conscious in the presence of each other.

Women who do not *believe* that women are inferior to men, but who feel so and act as though they were.

Individuals who force sex in one form or another unnecessarily to the fore.

Men and women greatly concerned over the salvation, one kind or another, of others.

Judges who wear horns and bellow.

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Physicians with a bedside or consultation manner.

Wives who believe their husbands are never given a square deal.

Husbands who are not understood.

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People living on Park Avenue on a Greenwich Village income.
Soci l workers who wear out shoe leather rather than brain cells.
Individuals who send telegrams when there is time for a letter.
Individuals who are afraid to ask for a raise.
One (if the task be self-imposed) whose desk *must* be clean by night.

Again it must be emphasized that it is not these isolated "idiosyncrasies" that are important but what they indicate as to the emotional economy of the individual. Neither are these matters for scorn or blame—or praise, in certain instances—but merely for attention and understanding, personal so far as the individual is concerned, social so far as the group is concerned. The pioneer could not look with unfriendly eye at homespun, but he could look at it and see that it was not lovely. The time came when something finer could be substituted. Homespun was a part of the time and the time a stage.

At this particular time, realizing that we are all more or less in the same boat, we shall have consideration for one another. This will not prevent us, however, from watching understandingly those who are chosen or who assume to direct us, and refusing to follow when we have reason to believe that personal handicaps are being reflected in the leadership. Even more importantly it should stir us to work through this homespun stage by learning still more about it; by correcting through technical intervention, if necessary, such maldevelopments as is possible; by putting all knowledge available to work in securing healthier emotional development on the part of those who are still actually in the process of growing up.

THE ADULT: HIS WORK

(*Continued from page* 34)

I am thinking not of the natural physical tensions between men and women who work together, but of hero-worship, jealousies between workers of the same sex, fantasies that dull the edge of accomplishment, the capitalization of sex for petty power. There are more insidious complications that may arise from the all-too-common effort to make work compensate for sexual starvation. How many men and women who are respected for their "devotion" to their tasks are devoted merely because they have no other love-object? And what obscure stresses arise between them and their colleagues when this effort is unconscious?

There is, however, one attitude toward work, essentially immature, which must be considered before we attempt to define the adult worker. We have all known people who—far from being indifferent to their work—seem to be aware of nothing else in life. They habitually overwork; they cannot bear criticism of what they do; they scorn, openly or secretly, their less absorbed co-workers; they get frantic about details; they are intransigeant at staff-meetings; they sulk when they are over-ruled; they have to be handled with gloves. They are not workers: *they are their work.*

These unfortunates are being worked by the job—that is, by their own egos which have become poisonously intertwined with the job. Like Narcissus, they can find no happiness except in the mirror, and the mirror is their work. The storage-battery (to mix metaphors shockingly) has a bottle-neck: all their energy flows through one narrow channel and that is always subject to blockade. One hurts them inevitably because they are spread all over the job, underfoot. They have merged themselves with their work because they have no other place to live.

The adult worker is in no such danger as this. When a man can say "This is I, in here; that is my work, out there," you cannot fluster him with praise nor crush him with criticism. He has a place of his own. He *puts* energy *into* his work; it is not dragged from him by forces which he does not understand. I think one might begin a definition of the mature worker right here: The adult at work is conscious of the distinction between what he is and what he does.

When a man is separate from his work, moreover, he can get a good look at it, all around, behind, top and bottom. He can deal with the facts. I do not know how many dull and

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dangerous jobs have to be done in the world. I am sure that T. V. Smith is right when he urges technicians to see the importance of a determined effort to make work more significant to the worker. But I am sure too that as work is organized in the modern world relatively little of it will be at all times intrinsically appealing. Some of it will be brutally monotonous. Such reality cannot be balked, but we need not make faces at it. No man need measure his satisfaction in work by its objective character alone, for the satisfaction is in the worker, not the work.

What, then, is this inner satisfaction? That is too hard a question for me to answer confidently. It seems clear that the apparent satisfactions of power, of security, of praise, of devotion, are not to be trusted; they are treacherous when they are not consciously understood, and transitory and irrelevant at best. It seems true that the ego—that within ourselves which can be praised and which hungers for power over our fellows—can be given control over our work only at grave risk to the ultimate values of living. There is, I believe, something within the adult which is closer to him than this ego, something which he dare not exploit. What you call it does not matter—soul, libido, stuff of life. It is essentially creative, and that is almost all we know about it.

One hesitates to use that word, which has been so grossly handled by the sentimentalist and the esthete. What I mean by creation is a purposive change in the real situation which surrounds us. A man may create a comfortable home for his dumpy wife and slow-witted child by selling pickles and cheese over a delicatessen counter. If what he most deeply wants to do in life is to create that home and if he is conscious of the relation between his desire and his job, he can find satisfaction in his work and he is no whit less creative than the man who is struggling to express Chicago in an orchestral suite. The adult finds his satisfaction not primarily in the nature of the thing he works at, but in his effort to obey the wanting that lies deepest in him. Knowing that one wants to create and striving to do so is life. Knowing *what* one wants to create, and bringing all one's personality to the task, is maturity.

Within limits, one job does as well as another for the satisfaction of certain creative desires. The adult worker will not shift from job to job merely in the search for an "interesting" one. But he may change as he gradually learns how to serve his own desire. The more complex the personality, the more difficult it is to discover what one really wants and the more intricate the task of organizing life around it. The satisfaction of one man may be keener, and harder to attain, than those of another, for no two personalities present the same compound of impulses and faculties, and our inner desire grows with our own power to work for it. I suspect that the values of work vary in direct proportion to the worker's success in individualizing his desire, in discovering what he as distinct from all other men most wants to create. And the process of discovery may take more patience than Job's and more courage than—well, Lindbergh's.

Do the values of life lie in work, or outside work? Both. They lie in the discovery, when one has put away childish things, of one's deepest creative desire, in submission to it without regard to crowd judgments or the clamor of the ego, in the conscious use of work as a tool to achieve it. The adult worker is one who, separate from his work, is master of it, and who lives not merely by work, but in and through it.

WHEN IS A CHILD GROWN UP?

(*Continued from page* 29)

(the period represented by the small steep portion of the curve to the left of the axis) the mother contributes everything to the child. The child does not have a separate existence. But at the moment of birth the relationship is altered. The child begins to receive stimuli from the external world and reacts to them in definite ways. It becomes an individual. Never again will the relationship of complete dependence which existed at birth be present.

But this relationship—the utter helplessness of the infant—

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is a very precious one to the parents, and here it is possible to make a fundamental mistake—to attempt to seize this moment and retain it. It is pleasant to feel that one is God, all-powerful and all-knowing. The mother's intelligence should warn her that if this relationship continued the infant could not grow and develop toward self-dependence, that the child must be freed gradually so that it may develop strength to meet the obstacles of the world. The same struggle goes on throughout the life of the child, the desire of the parents to maintain the relationship of dependence and of their own importance combatting their appreciation of the fact that the child must be allowed more and more to stand on its own feet.

THEORETICALLY, in terms of our curve, any encroachment of parent upon child would produce a depression of the curve. Actually this very rarely happens unless there is a definite hostility on the part of the parent toward the child. There seems to be a buffer reaction between the child on the one hand and the environment, more specifically the parents, on the other, and equilibrium is maintained. An encroachment on the part of the parents beyond the proper point on the curve usually does not result in an actual depression of the curve, for the forces within the child resist it. If an encroachment is successful in the physical or social field the forces of growth within the individual will respond by resistance, which may manifest itself in the emotional or mental field. The same degree of encroachment will produce a greater effect the earlier in the curve it is applied. By repetition of such stimuli the resistance aroused will be much greater than is necessary merely to compensate for the particular encroachment, and thus reactions of aggressiveness, maliciousness, dishonesty, and evasiveness may be established by what is after all a well-meant effort on the part of the parent to help the child.

Here the constitutional factors play a role. Most healthy persons have gone through childhood without the more serious consequences of the occasional encroachments and the unavoidable ineptitude of parents. This is probably due to the fact that their constitutional reserve is more than adequate to meet such situations and no permanent damage is caused. But if the child is functioning with a very inadequate base of reserve strength an encroachment which may not seem severe coming early in life may threaten to exhaust or actually exceed the reserve. The tendency toward resistance in such a case will show itself by compensatory efforts which may amount in degree to a neurosis or a psychoneurosis or even a more serious damage. Furthermore, it is rare to find a weak constitution in a child without some similar manifestations in the parent. In such cases the resulting pathological relationships are more imminent and require an extreme of care and of good judgment which the ordinary healthy family would not have to consider.

In any particular case in which the parent may be in doubt as to the amount of support which the child needs, and the point at which such support becomes an encroachment, it is essential to bear in mind the ultimate goal of maturity for the child. The objective of the parents must be to prepare the child for complete liberation, so that at the age of twenty-one or twenty-five he will be able to meet the world as it is, not modified in any degree whatsoever by the parents.

In summarizing we may say that the curve of development of the child presents graphically the parent-child relationship. It indicates the balance between the child's strength and the parents' support, and the shifting of emphasis from the parents to the child. Just what this emphasis is at various times depends upon the constitutional factors and the previous training of the child. In any individual instance it may be a difficult matter for the parents to decide exactly what the child's needs are. The tendency will be to supply too much. Such encroachment by the parents upon the child, although it may not mean a depression of the curve, owing to the reserve force which the child has, can best be avoided by constant recognition on the part of the parents of the ultimate goal of complete social independence for the child when the age of maturity or adulthood is reached.

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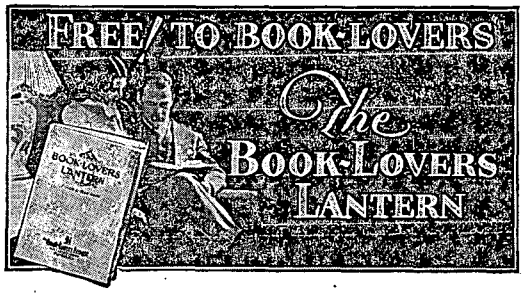

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WE ADULTS RECONSIDER OURSELVES

(*Continued from page* 8)

altogether amazing success. We begin to be a bit doubtful about it now. Two competitors for our political affection have appeared, Fascism and Sovietism, both of them rather contemptuously anti-democratic. Some of us, because we are a little bored with our first love, begin to flirt with the one or the other. So dear old Democracy seems on the point of being cold-shouldered out of the apartment. Others of us call alarmingly to the defense of the good old dame. Some even go so far in her defense as to deny the very spirit that has been her glory by hushing up any one who ventures to say a critical word against her.

Obviously, we are in somewhat of a mess. Many of us do not wish to lose this rather rare spirit that has been ours; and yet we become increasingly aware that the democracy we have known goes counter in many respects to our sober scientific thought. Must we forever build politics on the pattern of a fight instead of on the pattern of organic growth? Here is a searching problem for the psychology of the future. Can we, in short, through a wiser understanding of ourselves, learn to devise a more adequate technique for democracy?

The third major problem of the future concerns the quality of individual life. In recent years, we have become accustomed to hear one typical criticism of ourselves: we are drab. We live on Main Street. We pursue barren, uneventful lives. Our towns are ugly. Or if not positively ugly, at least colorless. Can we capture or recapture something of the beauty of life that seemed to promise in the fascinating years of childhood? Why did those fascinating years so suddenly transform themselves into this dullish and drabby thing we call adulthood—this mental and bodily unattractiveness; this dreary rigidity; this tight-lipped fearsomeness; this graspiness; this lack of a sense of the pageantry of life? Is all that inevitable? Is there no way out to something creatively adventurous, to something which holds the glamorous unexpectedness of a life not growing old?

Why do we ache for white-winged loveliness,
God, if our lives must stick in sleazy mud?

We do ache for it. How can we find it? Years ago William James wrote an article on the Energies of Men which sounded the first note towards a new search—the search for more in ourselves. The psychology of the future will undoubtedly carry on that exploration. As it becomes aware of the depths of its own problems, it will seek the answer to the most poignant question which some of us are beginning to ask: How may our life be less barren in its dullness?

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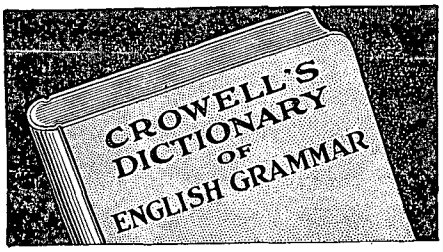

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WHO IS GROWN UP?

(*Continued from page* 23)

played some part in the getting of his own living, and helped a weaker person get his. Some experience in success, some in failure, some in giving obedience, some in exercising the authority that goes with responsibility, some in play, some in creating for the sheer love of it, all seem to me necessary components of this fund. If one were going to appraise people on the score of maturity, he should be prepared to find in a given person evidences of great maturity in some aspects and astonishing immaturity in others. We shall let the technicians figure out how to strike the balance of the total.

How does it feel to realize that one has attained maturity? Perhaps as the hard-working little mother felt who took her large family for the first time on a railway journey. Hurrying on the train, she searched eagerly for two empty seats. When she found them, she turned one backward, stowed the numerous bags and bundles below and then planted the equally numerous offspring at strategic points on top. Seating herself and resuming the baby, temporarily assigned to an older child, she surveyed the scene with satisfaction, smiled and remarked to the children, "This is just how it is goin' to be."

ADOLESCENT AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 48)

reason. We treat him as the incarnation of the unknown soldier. This is a heritage from frontier days. Our discussions everywhere concern themselves with the citizen's absolute rights (although very little with his equally absolute duties) and with his inalienable prerogatives of personal liberty. We think of man versus the state, of individual freedom and social control as inevitably in contrast; yet a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that it is only through the state that man can make his natural rights effective and only through social control that he can safeguard his personal liberty.

Following out the analogy from the new physics [see page 47], how can the forces which make for improved citizenship be made more effective? At present we have only a hazy notion of what they are and only in a crude way do we know how they operate. All around us gigantic campaigns of civic education are being carried on by organizations of every kind, every bit of it inspired by the hope of improving the attitude of the citizen towards his government and especially his sense of civic duty. A large part of this effort is based upon the naïve assumption that if you only exhort people with sufficient earnestness they can be induced to accept a body of wholly irrational ideas which are embalmed in the rhetoric of patriotism. No part of this nation-wide campaign for the promotion of better citizenship utilizes a technique that has ever been examined by scientific methods to discover whether it is at all adapted to the end in view. We have a striking illustration in the efforts that are now being made to get out the vote on election day. Everywhere we see organizations setting up a ballyhoo on the eve of election, urging the people to vote whether they vote intelligently or not; to vote for the sake of showing that they are good citizens and not political slackers. Yet a moment's reflection ought to convince any rational mind that people do not become good citizens by going to the polls; on the contrary, they go to the polls because they are good citizens. To vote unintelligently, without real interest in the candidates or the issues, is a much greater disservice to the commonwealth than not to vote at all.

In a certain western city, at the last election, the Chamber of Commerce hired a staff of clerks for the day and had them call up every name in the telephone book with the injunction: "Go to the polls and do your duty. Don't be a slacker." The cost was considerable and it demoralized the local telephone service during the day; but the results were negligible so far as stimulating the vote was concerned. In another city, one of the candidates determined to wage war on the habitual stay-at-homes, in every speech that he delivered. "I want your

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votes," he kept reiterating from the stump, "but if you can't vote for me, vote for my opponent. Don't stay away from the polls. Do your duty. Come out and vote for somebody." Of course he didn't mean a word of it. No candidate honestly desires a bumper vote in the interest of his opponent. It is contrary to human nature.

The whole thing shows how readily we tolerate the rankest sort of insincerity in politics and how enslaved we have become to impostor phrases around the "sacred duty" of the citizen to go though the motions of marking crosses on a sheet of paper whenever his rulers choose to summon him to the polls. Yet there is nothing in our constitutions, law, or civic morality which makes it the duty of any one to vote unless he feels that he can thereby contribute to the greater effectiveness of popular government.

A large part of this effort to mobilize the slacker vote is based upon the belief that most of the stay-at-homes are in the ranks of the intelligent, educated, well-to-do citizens who would help the cause of honest and efficient government if they would only come to the polls and give expression to their high ideals. Everywhere you hear it said that the semi-illiterate voters of low intelligence muster their full strength at the ballot boxes in the proletarian wards at the behest of the boss and his minions, while the fine residential wards poll only half or less than half their registered quotas. That impression has spread far, yet there does not seem to be a shred of statistical evidence to support it. On the contrary, every study that has been made of this matter indicates that, under normal conditions, the best showing at the polls is regularly made by what we call the "best neighborhoods." In the absence of artificial stimulation and with due allowance for other abnormalities, non-voting tends to vary directly with density. Professor Charles H. Titus, of the University of California, has recently demonstrated by careful investigation that small communities make a better showing at the polls, on the average, than larger ones do. The larger and more crowded the electoral unit, the higher is the percentage of registered voters who stay away. Within the large cities, moreover, figures show that the tenement house precincts regularly take the palm for the highest percentage of non-voters.

To the casual observer this does not appear to be the case. He sees the crowds of workers swarming to the polling booths as soon as they are opened in the morning and waiting there in line for their ballots. This stands impressively in contrast with the leisurely stream which trickles to the polls of the good residential sections during the day. But the rush of voters in overalls comes to an end before the noon hour arrives, while the automobiles in the outlying wards keep shuttling to the polls right up to the closing time: The voters do not come in crowds, but they keep coming. At any rate, the statistics, when they are examined, do not jibe with the observations of that phantom fellow, "the man in the street." His impressions are wrong upon this, as on many other matters of crowd psychology.

THREE years ago Dr. Harold F. Gosnell of Chicago, undertook an interesting experiment in stimulation of non-voters. This involved a complete canvass of all the adult citizens in twelve selected districts of Chicago. Among them were included a "Gold Coast" precinct inhabited by wealthy native whites, a depreciated residential area, a Negro section, and various other neighborhoods representing all parts of the city. Each was fairly compact in area and homogeneous in its social texture. Then the citizens in each district were divided at random into two equal groups, one to be experimented upon and the other to be used as a sort of control. All those in the experimental group were thereupon bombarded with non-partisan appeals through the mails, urging them to vote at the municipal election of 1925. Those in the non-experimental groups were not "stimulated" in this way.

The results were most interesting. It was found that all the precincts responded to the stimulus, but in different degrees. Among native-born, well-educated citizens who had lived for several years in the city, the stimulating proved to be relatively ineffective. On the other hand, there was a good response among those voters who had little or no schooling

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and almost no knowledge of governmental institutions. That is just what might have been expected, and it warrants the suggestion that our uplift organizations, in their rabble-rousing campaigns against non-voting, are merely playing into the hands of the ward boss. They seem to be making his work easier by harrying to the polls a fine grist of semi-illiterate, undiscriminating voters who are altogether likely to vote his way.

This matter has been discussed at some little length because it indicates the crude and unscientific way in which we habitually approach our political problems. Assuredly we have a problem in the fact that thirty or forty per cent of our potential electorate is regularly absent from the polls. But the remedy for this is not compulsion, nor is it to be found in this nation-wide prodding of the voter at the last moment. What we most need is to make registration a less irksome task, to simplify the ballot, hold fewer elections, and vitalize the party system so that our political parties shall perform, not evade, their proper functions. Above all, we must adapt our campaigns of civic education to the needs of a people who have attained adolescence and should be approached accordingly.

THE BEST TWENTY YEARS

(*Continued from page* 11)

might accrue to a society in which an effective minority of its members actually grew up—in addition, of course, to the increased possibility of the completion of the individual life work—would be the opportunity afforded for reworking the social pattern in the light of an informed experience. As it is we are continually prevented from bringing mature intellectual experience to bear on the social problem by the over emphasis of numbers on the side of those members of society who are still experiencing it, and the subconscious pull of the tradition of decrepitude attached to the third score of maturity. There has always been a sporting notion that we who are about to die should pause before imposing the fruit of our experience upon those whose term of life outruns our own. Such an inhibition is tempered by the consideration that we are still to have a good whack at the social alterations we could set in motion.

Even higher than the possibility of a maturely fashioned social order, do I rate the opportunity which an intelligence emphatically freed from obligation to the species would find for a study of the next phase of evolution, provided that there is a step beyond this present one. Long ago I became convinced that individual survival, if a reality, can be soundly predicated only from the nature of that life which we now have. But how can any of us arrive at conclusions about the nature of an existence which is for its best years obsessed with the urge to preserve the species, and for the rest terrified out of its wits by the fear of dissolution? What is needed here is a reasonable interval between these two infirmities in which the soul of man may know itself and take stock of its chances and capacities for continuance.

How shall we know what life means until we have a little leisure to consider it apart from the noise it makes by the mere mechanism of its going on with itself?

This, I take it, is the next great adventure of maturity.

MOTHER'S DAY

(*Continued from page* 39)

me to say, you're all so down on me," sniffled Maisie, more sorry for herself than ever. "I didn't do nothing. No one can say I did. Even the cop said I was a good girl and ought to have another chance."

"Oh, the cop said that did he?" echoed Rose as if she were addressing a viper. "Perhaps you will tell your mother why you were discussing your behavior with a cop. She might like to hear what the cops think of you. I'm not interested myself," and she turned away as if the mere sight of such a repellent object as Maisie or her mother was an offense to any lady.

"I was only doing a favor to Brownie. I'd do a favor to

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any friend, even if it was a little inconvenient," explained Maisie, pursing her mouth.

"You might explain what the favor was," responded Rose icily, "and tell us who Brownie may be. Your mother has brought you up so swell, she'd like to know the company you choose, I'm sure."

Again Gert and Elsie gave a slight giggle, Emma shook Rose's arm to keep her quiet, and Mrs. Glukens' countenance was almost vacant, so great was her effort to suppress her wrath. She was accustomed to express herself with a broom stick at such times, and her fingers itched for one now. The only sympathy was in Mr. Glukens' eyes. If he had dared, he would have marched out of the room with Maisie, then and there. Escape had been as habitual a resource with him as brooms had been with his wife. The repression of the impulse to flight fairly made his eyes water.

"Brownie is a friend of mine. Nobody can criticize my friends," went on Maisie with conscious merit.

"Oh, they can't can't they?" jeered Rose, throwing off Emma's restraining hold. "They can't criticize them, or arrest them, or send them over the road! Brownie is in the workhouse right now, if you want to know, and you'd be there yourself if you'd only been born a little sooner. Gosh, I'll be glad when you are old enough to be locked up for life, and I hope the cell's not padded either. That'll teach you to stop pounding your head against the wall."

"I never pounded my head on no wall," sobbed Maisie into a small handkerchief which Gert supplied to her from her bead purse.

"Has Maisie been pounding her head? Has she gone crazy?" faltered Mrs. Glukens. Her bewilderment was excusable but her question started Rose and the younger sisters into such nervously explosive laughter that the effort to repress it was obviously going to make them all hysterical any minute.

The long-suffering Emma again came to the front. "You don't get anywhere mixing her all up, Rose, and if Maisie starts to bawl she can't talk." She turned to her mother. "They found Maisie in a raid, if you want to know. She was caught in a room with two other girls and Brownie's husband. They had booze there, and everything, and they're all in jail but Maisie because she's a kid."

"Brownie's her friend. It's all right to be at her parties, ain't it?" was Mr. Glukens' first venture into the argument. He immediately regretted it.

"All right? Sure it's all right to be caught at 3 A. M. in a booze joint with some one else's husband and a bunch of Janes. It's swell—so swell they arrested the whole bunch. That's what keeps the wardens busy—hanging crooks like that."

At last Maisie had a valid excuse to howl. "Hang me? Going to hang me for accommodating a friend?" and she sobbed with such lustiness that Gert put her arm around her, and even Elsie frowned at Rose.

Emma sighed. "It's no use trying to get either Maisie or Rose to tell what happened. They're both too worked up. They always rub each other the wrong way when they're mad."

"We all make a point of that in our family," snorted the volcano, but Emma continued without noticing her.

"This is what they did, as near as I can figure. It sounds pretty dumb. But Maisie says that this Brownie wanted some alimony and she said she could get it if some one would . . ." she hesitated.

"Compromise," prompted Maisie proudly through her handkerchief.

"Yes, compromise, as they call it, Brownie's husband. So the girls got some booze and got Brownie's husband up there saying they wanted him to teach them to play poker." (*"Poker!"* hissed Mrs. Glukens under her breath.) "And they planned to have Brownie and a detective watch outside and come and find them. . . ."

". . . and then Brownie's husband would be *compromised* and Brownie would get her alimony," interrupted Maisie eagerly. After all it was *her* adventure, *her* claim to the limelight. It wasn't fair for Emma to snatch all the importance of telling anything so romantic and interesting. Her sisters might have fur coats, but to *compromise*—that was her distinction!

Mrs. Glukens looked genuinely mystified. She threw herself

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on her daughters' indulgence. "What does the kid mean?" she pleaded.

"Compromise means to get you in Dutch," explained Emma.

"But she got *herself* in Dutch, didn't she? Who is she compromising?" was the not unnatural rejoinder.

Maisie explained eagerly. "You see it was this way. The other girls were to get him to pour out some booze, and then I was going to pull up the shade, and Brownie and the detective was to come in, and that was all there was to it. It was just quiet and ladylike and everything. He owes her alimony and he won't pay it."

"All right, you pull up the shade and what happens next?" inquired Rose sarcastically.

"Well, nothing happened. I kept pulling the shade up and down but nobody came."

"And where was Brownie?"

"I don't know," faltered Maisie, beginning to sniff again.

"Oh, yes, you do," contradicted her sister relentlessly. "Brownie was off joy-riding with the detective and forgot about the whole bunch of you. If she gets a joy-ride, she should worry about her friends, her alimony, or the window shade. Good Lord! What a bunch!"

Rose turned unexpectedly on her parents. "If you want to know why Maisie is shy and tricky, I'll tell you. It's because *you* are. Yes, both of you. Ma's worse, of course. But Dad sits back and stands for it like one kid in school who gets a kick out of seeing another one get tanned. Dad always half enjoyed our rows, the way most guys like to watch a drunk or a dogfight. It was something to look at and listen to after a dull day. Sometimes if we didn't fight, he'd sit and fidget with his bunch of keys like a baby, just for something to do evenings."

"We didn't have money for fine parties like you have now," apologized poor Dad.

"Ma got all our pay. What did she do with it?" Rose snapped back at him.

"If I hadn't kept it, you would have spent every cent you earned like you do now," retorted her mother, her eyes roving with girlish envy over her daughters' fine clothes. "Instalment!" she sniffed as a final thrust.

"That's *our* business," was Rose's rejoinder, her face getting red. "How've you been buying that house all your life?"

"Houses are different," faltered her mother, temporarily checkmated.

"What d'ya mean—different?" demanded Rose following up her advantage. "And what chance did we ever get in that house to have our boy friends quiet and regular like other girls? Just because your courting was over, you had to horn in on other people's. My Lord! All four of us married and to good guys too, and every one married after a fight. That's the only way the kid will get a husband, if she goes back home. Rows when he calls, Ma raving and Dad standing for it, so as to see another guy get a licking. Then married somewhere in a temper—when it ought to be—different . . ." Here it was Rose's turn to get sorry for herself and sniff into her scrap of chiffon.

"What d'ya mean calling your mother names?" exploded Mrs. Glukens as soon as she could insert a word. "Didn't I have to see that you married your beaux respectable?"

"Who wanted to do anything else?" sobbed Rose. "Maybe you're the only respectable woman in this town. Maybe everybody else is raring to go bad unless you stop 'em. Maisie's tricky, but look at the tricks you pulled on us. I got Heinie here to prove it," at which to the evident astonishment of all them, she darted to the door, and beckoned to some one outside. A tall blond fellow answered to the summons, and after nodding to the girls, seated himself in the remaining chair. He was heavy and raw-boned, with an underhung jaw—the very Samson to be in bondage to any saucy little Delilah who would make love to him. He twirled his hat somewhat sheepishly and avoided his father-in-law's eye. The two lone males evidently feared to betray their embarrassment by a nervous snicker, if their eyes met.

"Here's Heinie now," announced Rose, the manager of the show. "You tell how Ma used to treat you when you came to see me."

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"What's the use of raking all that up?" protested Heinie flushing.

"I want them to hear how Ma amuses herself when she's got nothing else to do," insisted Rose.

"You mean the fishpole?" interposed Mrs. Glukens hastily. She plainly did not want it all raked up either.

"Sure I mean about the fishpole, *and* the clock, *and* the candy with the knock-out drops. Gosh, if every one else is scared to tell, I'm not," Rose went on. No one could stop her now. "Ma always went to bed early. . . ."

"I had to, I was too tired to keep awake . . ." explained her mother defensively. But Rose raced on unheeding.

"They knew Heinie was on a late shift and couldn't get off before nine, so what must Heinie do? Hunt the fishpole under the porch, and tap three times on her window, on the second floor, mind you, so she could come down with her head tied up, and let him in. Then she'd holler from the bedroom till he went home, or cheat us setting the clock around. She even got a shot gun. . . ."

"That was for the Greek fella, not Heinie—" interrupted her mother, a gleeful memory of the battle lurking in her eye.

"If she'd shot off that gun like she shot her mouth, it wouldn't 'a been a murder, it would 'a been a massacre," growled Heinie, his jaw jutting out as he remembered his wrongs.

Emma the peacemaker rose to her feet, patted his arm, and took the floor.

"If you people start more quarreling, I'm going, and I don't take Maisie," was her firm ultimatum. "I listened to scraps for twenty years, and now I've had seven years of quiet with Neil, and my nerves won't stand fights like they used to. Maisie comes with me and does as I say, or you can p t her where you like. I shan't say another word—or listen to one." With which she wrapped her furs about her and swept regally from the room.

Mrs. Glukens too was strangely silent. Memories of the fishpole seemed to have temporarily taken the fight out of her. Motioning Mr. Glukens into her wake, she too stalked unhindered from the circle.

There was a pause. Then Rose, cocking her chin, remarked to Heinie—"Here's your hat. What's your hurry?" And he, with undisguised relief bolted toward the door.

"Just one question before you leave," we ventured. "All you girls have turned out pretty well in spite of everything. Some one evidently fed you, so that you are well grown and good-looking. You all got good husbands, dress like a million dollars, and have kept out of trouble. How does it happen? If your parents were as bad as you make out, why aren't you all in jail like Brownie and her friends?"

The younger brides stared and turned to Rose. But for once the oracle was nonplussed. She cast about for a retort, th n turned to Heinie.

"What's the answer, Heinie? Why aren't we in jail? I don't know how *I* kept out. Maybe you know how *you* did?"

"Perhaps the girls are making too much of this," admitted the truculent Heinie, pausing on the threshold, grudgingly judicial toward his mother-in-law, now that she was out of earshot. "After all, five girls are no cinch to handle, and it's better to look after them too much than than too little. She did keep the bums away for fair. But the guys that weren't bums, it naturally made us kind of sore. Married at the point of a gun when you were fixin' to get married anyway is pretty rough—though, as I say, it's better than no interest at all, like with lots of the girls you see. . . . The trouble as I see it, is that Dad and the old lady worked hard when they were young, and all the fun they got was bossing the kids around. Now that the kids have mostly left home, they feel themselves slipping—nothing to do but keep tabs on each other. And that's not so good. Not enough to it. Maybe some time when the old folks ain't quite so energetic, they'll be ready to settle down and take things easy and not razz round so much. The way it is now, it's like being all dressed up and no place to go, as they say. I figure that when we're forty and they're sixty, maybe we'll all get along swell. . . ."

Which as we see it, is about the kindliest light that any one can throw upon the Glukens family.

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